

When I Take Charge of Germany
Hitler Shows His Hand

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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

JULY 9, 1932

VOL. 9, No. 28

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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SOAK IDLENESS OF EVERY KIND

The rich will have to pay the heavy taxes. There is no other source from which they can be collected.

But business should be left undisturbed as nearly as possible. Active business executives should be given all possible encouragement.

The income tax fines business efficiency—restricts the activity of the promoter, the business builder.

Every legislator will tell you that taxes should not burden business activities, but they automatically follow the old-time methods.

If we could revise this moss-grown procedure and get the idea over of taxing idleness of every nature—the idle rich, idle money, idle land—use this stimulus to enforce activity in every phase of civil life—then we could expect constructive development.

If an executive is actively promoting a business he should be free from restrictions; it is unfair to make such a man pay an income tax or to be in any way retarded in his business-building efforts.

Henry George's idea of taxing idle land attracted but little attention more than a generation ago; but if such a procedure would give idle men more opportunities for work it might be worth considering.

The taxing privilege can easily be used to promote the interests of business men everywhere, while the present procedure seems to be opposite in character.

Some of our statesmen (?) try to give out the impression that they have a daily conference with Almighty God, and that Divine Authority is the source of their conclusions.

The situation from which we are suffering at the present time may ultimately become so serious that a certain amount of business efficiency will be forced on the government. And if a change of that kind could be brought about, no amount of figuring could possibly estimate its advantages, financial and otherwise.

Business foresight is valuable in every phase of life; a business man either possesses it or else he soon becomes a bankrupt. But governments can go on and on, sometimes making the most egregious blunders the cost of which may run into billions.

And the taxpayers have to pay the bill.

But governments, no matter how rich they may be, can be overburdened with debt. Long-continued wild, reckless extravagance can bring financial ruin.

While almost the entire attention of government officials was given to the so-called enforcement of the prohibition fiasco our annual expenses were increasing at an appalling rate. Nobody paid any attention. The prohibition law was a splendid smoke screen; it was an exciting topic of conversation. Why bother with the raids on the public treasury that ran into thousands of millions?

But we did finally awaken to the seriousness of the situation, although there was but little attention given to this ruinous extravagance until we called attention to it in the editorial columns of this magazine. Then the figures were so astounding that a roar of dissatisfaction and general criticism spread throughout the land, and now even prohibition has to take a back seat.

Former fanatic dries have changed their attitude. The mighty influence of the Rockefellers, who spent millions to saddle this infamous law on this country, has now shifted in favor of the wets.

Considerable advance has been made toward the balancing of the budget, an absolute necessity for governmental safety, but business has been effectively soaked in the new tax bill.

If we had a few successful business men to represent us at Washington, the needs of business would be given more thorough consideration. If a system could be adopted to tax idleness with a view of making everything active—men, money, land, etc.—the depression would soon be left in the background.

Tax experts may find much to criticize in these conclusions, but such specialists are inclined to fall into ruts. These are revolutionary times and new and effective methods should be adopted.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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When I Take Charge HITLER Shows *His* Hand



International photo

*The Fascist Platform—Its
Threat to Bolshevism, and
What It Means to the Rest
of the World*

By GEORGE SYLVESTER
VIERECK

*Hitler addressing a mass meeting in Berlin on the
eve of the presidential election of last March.*

(Reading time: 17 minutes 35 seconds.)

“WHEN I take charge of Germany, I shall end tribute abroad and Bolshevism at home.”

Adolf Hitler drained his cup as if it contained not tea, but the life blood of Bolshevism.

“Bolshevism,” the chief of the Brown Shirts, the Fascists of Germany, continued, gazing at me balefully, “is our greatest menace. Kill Bolshevism in Germany and you restore seventy million people to power. France owes her strength not to her armies but to the forces of Bolshevism and dissension in our midst.

“The Treaty of Versailles and the Treaty of St. Germain are kept alive by Bolshevism in Germany. The Peace Treaty and Bolshevism are two heads of one monster. We must decapitate both.”

When Adolf Hitler announced this program, the advent of the Third Empire which he proclaims seemed still at the end of the rainbow. Then came election after election. Each time the power of Hitler grew. While unable to dislodge Hindenburg from the presidency, Hitler today heads the largest party in Germany. Unless Hindenburg assumes dictatorial measures, or some unexpected development completely upsets all present calculations, Hitler's party will organize the Reichstag and dominate the government. Hitler's fight was not against Hindenburg but against Chancellor Bruening. It is doubtful if Bruening's successor can sustain himself without the support of the National Socialists.

Many who voted for Hindenburg were at heart with Hitler, but some deep-rooted sense of loyalty impelled them nevertheless to cast their vote for the old field marshal. Unless overnight a new leader arises, there is no one in Germany, with the exception of Hindenburg, who could defeat Hitler—and Hindenburg is eighty-five! Time and the recalcitrance of the French fight for Hitler, unless some blunder on his own part, or dissension within the ranks of the party, deprives him of his opportunity to play the part of Germany's Mussolini.

The First German Empire came to an end when Napo-

leon forced the Austrian emperor to surrender his imperial crown. The Second Empire came to an end when William II, on the advice of Hindenburg, sought refuge in Holland. The Third Empire is emerging slowly but surely, although it may dispense with scepters and crowns.

I met Hitler not in his headquarters, the Brown House in Munich, but in a private home—the dwelling of a former admiral of the German Navy. We discussed the fate of Germany over the teacups.

“Why,” I asked Hitler, “do you call yourself a National Socialist, since your party program is the very antithesis of that commonly accredited to Socialism?”

“Socialism,” he retorted, putting down his cup of tea, pugnaciously, “is the science of dealing with the common weal. Communism is not Socialism. Marxism is not Socialism. The Marxians have stolen the term and confused its meaning. I shall take Socialism away from the Socialists.

“Socialism is an ancient Aryan, Germanic institution. Our German ancestors held certain lands in common. They cultivated the idea of the common weal. Marxism has no right to disguise itself as Socialism. Socialism, unlike Marxism, does not repudiate private property. Unlike Marxism, it involves no negation of personality, and unlike Marxism, it is patriotic.

“We might have called ourselves the Liberal Party. We chose to call ourselves the National Socialists. We are not internationalists. Our Socialism is national. We demand the fulfillment of the just claims of the productive classes by the State on the basis of race solidarity. To us State and race are one.”

Hitler himself is not a purely Germanic type. His dark hair betrays some Alpine ancestor. For years he refused to be photographed. That was part of his strategy—to be known only to his friends so that, in the hour of crisis, he could appear here, there, and everywhere without detection. Today he could no longer pass unrecognized through the obscurest hamlet in Germany. His appearance contrasts strangely with the aggressiveness of his opinions. No milder-mannered reformer ever scuttled ship of state or cut political throat.

“What,” I continued my cross-examination, “are the fundamental planks of your platform?”

“We believe in a healthy mind in a healthy body. The body politic must be sound if the soul is to be healthy. Moral and physical health are synonymous.”

“Mussolini,” I interjected, “said the same to me.”

Hitler beamed.

“The slums,” he added, “are responsible for nine-

of GERMANY"



A recent great rally of Hitler's brown-shirted "Nazi" followers at Bad-Harzburg. At the right is their leader in field uniform. The swastika on his brassard is the National Socialist emblem.

tenths, alcohol for one-tenth, of all human depravity. No healthy man is a Marxian. Healthy men recognize the value of personality. We contend against the forces of disaster and degeneration. Bavaria is comparatively healthy because it is not completely industrialized. However, all Germany, including Bavaria, is condemned to intensive industrialism by the smallness of our territory. If we wish to save Germany we must see to it that our farmers remain faithful to the land. To do so, they must have room to breathe and room to work."

"Where will you find the room to work?"

"We must retain our colonies and we must expand eastward. There was a time when we could have shared world dominion with England. Now we can stretch our cramped limbs only toward the east. The Baltic is necessarily a German lake."

"Is it not," I asked, "possible for Germany to reconquer the world economically without extending her territory?"

Hitler shook his head earnestly.

"ECONOMIC imperialism, like military imperialism, depends upon power. There can be no world trade on a large scale without world power. Our people have not learned to think in terms of world power and world trade. However, Germany cannot extend commercially or territorially until she regains what she has lost and until she finds herself.

"We are in the position of a man whose house has been burned down. He must have a roof over his head before he can indulge in more ambitious plans. We had succeeded in creating an emergency shelter that keeps out the rain. We were not prepared for hailstones. However, misfortunes hailed down upon us. Germany has been living in a veritable blizzard of national, moral, and economic catastrophes.

"Our demoralized party system is a symptom of our disaster. Parliamentary majorities fluctuate with the mood of the moment. Parliamentary government unbars the gate to Bolshevism."

"Unlike some German militarists, you do not favor an alliance with Soviet Russia?"

Hitler evaded a direct reply to this question. He evaded it again recently when Liberty asked him to reply to Trotzky's statement that his assumption of power in Germany would involve a life-and-death struggle between

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Acme
photos

["WHEN I TAKE CHARGE OF GERMANY"—
HITLER SHOWS HIS HAND
Continued from page five]

led by Germany, and Soviet Russia. "It may not be Hitler to attack Bolshevism in Russia. He may even look upon an alliance with Bolshevism as his last card, if he is in danger of losing the game. If, he intimated on one occasion, capitalism refuses to recognize that the National Socialists are the last bulwark of private property, if capital impedes their struggle, Germany may be compelled to throw herself into the enticing arms of the siren Soviet Russia. But he is determined not to permit Bolshevism to take root in Germany."

He responded warily in the past to the advances of Chancellor Bruening and others who wished to form a united political front. It is unlikely that now, in view of the steady increase in the vote of the National Socialists, Hitler will be in the mood to compromise on any essential principle with other parties.

"The political combinations upon which a united front depend," Hitler remarked to me, "are too unstable. They render almost impossible a clearly defined policy. I see everywhere the zigzag course of compromise and concession. Our constructive forces are checked by the tyranny of numbers. We make the mistake of applying arithmetic and the mechanics of the economic world to the living state. We are threatened by ever increasing numbers and ever diminishing ideals. Mere numbers are unimportant."

"But suppose France retaliates against you by once more invading your soil? She invaded the Ruhr once before. She may invade it again."

"It does not matter," Hitler, thoroughly aroused, retorted, "how many square miles the enemy may occupy if the national spirit is aroused. *Ten million free Germans, ready to perish so that their country may live, are more potent than fifty million whose will power is paralyzed and whose race consciousness is infected by aliens.*

"We want a greater Germany uniting all German tribes. But our salvation can start in the smallest corner. *Even if we had only ten acres of land and were determined to defend them with our lives, the ten acres would become the focus of regeneration.* Our workers have two souls: one is German, the other is Marxian. We must arouse the German soul. We must uproot the canker of Marxism. Marxism and Germanism are antitheses.

"In my scheme of the German State, there will be no room for the alien, no use for the wastrel, for the usurer or speculator, or anyone incapable of productive work."

The cords on Hitler's forehead stood out threateningly. His voice filled the room. There was a noise at the door. His followers, who always remain within call, like a bodyguard, reminded the leader of his duty to address a meeting.

Hitler gulped down his tea and rose.

THERE were several times since the notorious Beer Putsch in the Bürgerbrau (1923) when Germany feared violence on the part of her Fascists. Today Hitler is committed by his own words to gain his end by constitutional means. While here and there stray bullets fly between Fascists and Communists, Hitler has won his way to power with ballots, not with bullets. When, after the presidential election, the Prussian police, under socialistic and democratic domination, raided three hundred local headquarters of the National Socialists, they found no evidence of any scheme on Hitler's part to march on Berlin as Mussolini marched on Rome.

When some of his adherents were on trial in Leipzig some years ago Hitler, under oath, disavowed any intention of seeking to change the government by a revolution. But he promised to alter the constitution in conformity with his program by legal methods. Knowing his words would reverberate far beyond the walls of the court room, Hitler vowed that he would make the heads of the "November criminals," the men who, in the opinion of Hitler and his friends, stabbed Germany in the back, "roll" in the gutter.

Hitlerism rests largely upon Hitler's autobiography, *Mein Kampf*, from which his creed is distilled. Trumping Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points by eleven, the Ger-

man Mussolini proclaims Twenty-Five Points as the platform upon which he proposes to rear the New Germany.

Hitler's Twenty-five Points demand equal rights for Germany in the council of nations, the abolition of the Peace Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain, and the union of all German states, upon the basis of self-determination, in a Larger Germany. The German Fascist asks land, soil, colonies, to feed the German people and to absorb their surplus population. The expansion in Europe which he contemplates is toward the east.

There are few Germans who disagree, in their hearts, with the points cited. Controversy enters when Hitler defines the rights and duties of citizenship. He confines it to men of German blood without reference to religion. Gottfried Feder, in a small pamphlet which Hitler called the "Catechism of the National Socialists," adds that only Germans who confess their faith in a common German culture and a common German fate may exercise civic rights. Anyone who is not a citizen is a "guest" of the German people, subject to special legislation. The right to make laws and to conduct public affairs in the nation or in the municipality is confined to citizens. Hitler is determined to end the "corruption of parliamentarism" and "the distribution of offices according to partisan considerations, without reference to moral or intellectual qualifications."

THE State, he declares, owes a living to all its citizens.

If Germany cannot support all her citizens, all noncitizens will be requested to leave the country. All non-Germans who have entered Germany since August 2, 1914, will be deported. This clause is aimed especially at a large number of immigrants from Russia, Roumania, Poland and other states to the east of Germany.

All citizens have the same rights and the same duties. The first duty of the citizen is *work*, physical or mental. The activity of the individual must not conflict with the interests of the community. "The common weal," says Hitler's apostle, Feder, "is the highest law." While recognizing private property, Hitler's Twenty-five Points limit the accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals. Every man must earn his right to live. Income without labor is contrary to the common welfare. Money must serve, it may not rule, the State. To accomplish this, Hitlerism, going further than Soviet Russia, abolishes the return from capital interest.

Hitler expects to end war profiteering with a stroke of his pen. War profiteers are "public enemies." All war profits are subject to confiscation.

Hitler's State takes over the trusts. Big Business may continue, but both the State and the workers participate in its profits. The National Socialists propose to break up large department stores and chain stores and to divide their business among small retail merchants. Speculation in real estate is "unlawful." Real estate that is acquired "illegitimately" or "exploited in a manner at variance with the interests of the State" is subject to expropriation without compensation. Usurers and unscrupulous promoters

(*Schieber*) are branded as "common criminals." The death penalty is invoked for their offense, irrespective of race or creed.

"Germany for the Germans" is Hitler's watchword, even in the realm of law. Hitler proposes to discard the dusty heritage of the materialistic Roman law and to substitute a body of laws autochthonous to the Germans.

Hitler's educational program, like Mussolini's, is based upon the desire to stimulate nationalism. It throws open the institution of high education to all Germans and provides for the education of gifted children of poor parents at the expense of the State.

Sport, hygiene, maternity, the protection of mothers and children, and the abolition of child labor, are forces in Hitler's Utopia. Old-age pensions, etc., are vouchsafed to every German. Similarly the State assumes guardianship over all citizens incapacitated for work. This plan is entirely in accordance with the compulsory insurance laws which attempt to safeguard the future of every worker in Germany today. A people's army takes the place of the system of mercenaries forced upon Ger-



many by the Allies. Hitler's own volunteer army, the Brown Shirts, though disbanded by Bruening, still exists. This army is the nightmare of France.

With the boldness with which Don Quixote attacked windmills, Hitler assails the dragon of propaganda. He proposes drastic legislation against "the deliberate political lie and its propagation by the press." Every editor and contributor of a newspaper published in the German language must be a citizen. Non-German newspapers may not be published without a license. They are forbidden to use the German language.

Non-Germans are debarred from any financial interest, however concealed, in any German publication. Violation of this provision means suppression and expulsion.

Hitler's Twenty-five Points guarantee the freedom of all faiths and confessions which do not endanger the existence of the State "or violate the moral and ethical standard of the Germanic race." The party is pledged to "positive Christianity" without binding itself to any denomination.

The task which Hitler sets himself is enormous, the practical difficulties almost unsurmountable. To accomplish his aim, he insists upon a strong central power and complete subordination of all separate political entities to the sovereignty of the federal government. Within this frame, he grants the largest possible latitude to the individual states. "Guilds," based on vocational qualifications, take the place of the present political parliamentary system.

All leaders must battle for the program "even at the risk of life itself." Once their program is fulfilled they promise to dissolve their party. They look upon it not as a partisan organization, but as a great national movement for the renaissance of the German soul.

Hitler's Twenty-five Points have been "elaborated" since they were first issued. As more intellectuals, especially members of the old conservative parties, began to join the National Socialists, the ablest heads began to "interpret" the Hitler gospel. This progressive modification by interpretation enables men like Schacht, former president of the Reichsbank, to join hands with Hitler. Hugenberg, leader of the old nationalists and an ally of Big Business, supported Hitler at times no doubt with suppressed rage. Whenever the Nationalists fail to march with Hitler, the younger element of the party join the Brown Guard with flying colors.

It is obvious that some of the feathers of the National Socialists are stolen from the plumage of Mussolini and Stalin. The relations between Hitler and Mussolini are cordial. Mussolini is in many ways Hitler's ideal. Mussolini looks upon Hitler as the German apostle of Fascism. Soviet Russia respects (if it detests) Mussolini. If Hitler heads the German government the Soviets will not be adverse to making their peace with him. What Hitler himself will do depends on the capitalists of the world and—France. Hitler is a human explosive. A self-made man, who has thought much and read much, he is not afraid to meet the challenge of debate. He holds his own in controversy with remarkable skill. Of his past, little

is known. He admits that art claimed him before he became a tribune of the people. His friends say that he was a portrait painter. His enemies insinuate that he practiced the art of painting only by whitewashing walls. I do not know if he can wield a brush. There is no doubt that he can wield his tongue.

Some of his countrymen look upon him as the savior of the country. Others regard him as a violent agitator thriving on prejudice and hatred. The preposterous failure of the Beer Garden Putsch of 1923 in Munich greatly diminished the stature of Hitler as well as of his ally, General Ludendorff. The master strategist of the German army has not been able to retrieve his former prestige. But the shadow of Hitler looms over Central Europe. Idolized by his followers, excoriated by his foes, Hitler is

welcomed by Big Business as the only man in Germany who can combat Bolshevism. To some, however, the encouragement given to Hitler by conservative circles seems like an attempt to drive out the devil with Beelzebub.

UNTIL a few weeks before the presidential election in March, 1932, Hitler was not a German citizen. But he was more German than Napoleon was French. Cradled in German Moravia, which was dished out to Czechoslovakia by four men at Versailles, Hitler looked upon him-

self as a Teuton. Detesting the Hapsburgs, the fiery Moravian served as a volunteer in the German Army.

Mussolini was only a corporal in the World War. Hitler, likewise, never rose much beyond the ranks. But the erstwhile subaltern is now the idol of German generals!

In spite of his faithful service during the World War, Hitler was denied German citizenship on the ground that he was a "deserter" from the Austrian Army. Hitler expected that citizenship would be thrust upon him by a special act of Parliament. But the exigencies of the election compelled him to accept citizenship through a legal subterfuge. The small State of Brunswick, which is in the hands of the National Socialists, made him automatically a citizen by appointing him to a post on its legation in Berlin.

Among the multitudes of Hitler's followers there are many who are more fanatic than their leader. But there is also a strong conservative wing. According to Feder, his apostolic interpreter, Hitler is not yet certain whether or not Germany will remain a republic or whether he will restore the monarchy. In spite of this uncertainty, at least two of the Kaiser's sons are members of the National Socialists. One was elected to the Reichstag in April, 1932, the first Hohenzollern to serve under the constitution of the German Republic. The left wing of the National Socialists leans toward Republicanism. The right wing favors the monarchy. No one expects Hitler to surrender control.

He has learned from Mussolini that political dictatorship and monarchy are not irreconcilable. If Hitler decides for monarchy, he envisages a monarch elected by the people. No one can tell if that monarch will be Adolf I or William II.

THE END



Police seizing the National Socialist headquarters in Berlin after the issuance of President von Hindenburg's emergency decree against the Nazis.

Perfect Cast

*A Story of Death-
Ringed Treasure
and a Romance
that Was Sealed
by Valor*

(Reading time: 27 min. 2 sec.)

THROUGH blast-furnace heat, beneath the appalling gloom of trees that blotted out the sun, his clothes in ribbons, a cloud of insects swarming around his head, and an almost empty canteen in his hands, a man dog-trotted steadily. At intervals he spared sufficient energy to slash at the insects with a ragged arm. At longer intervals he stopped to pant and swallow and pant again.

His face was scratched and dirty, but neither blood nor dirt could conceal its mood of desperation or its vivid symmetry. The man had thick-curved black hair, eyes almost as dark, and the muscles showing through the rents in his khaki clothes were like the muscles of animals trained to race.

Once, when he stopped, he seemed to realize that the condition of his clothes rendered his pockets unsafe as containers. He took an object the size of a walnut from one of the dangling pockets and put it in his mouth; then he trotted on through the dark, miasmic oven of jungle.

The nut-sized object in his mouth was a flawless diamond. His race was for love. He ran it against death. It had its beginning, like most such adventures, in the commonplace. . . .

When Superfilms discharged Don Moran, its leading director, for being arbitrary, expensive, and unmanageable, Moran had not given up the motion-picture industry as a career. He was a middle-aged man. He had an ample fortune for a life of comfort beneath California palms and beside a California bride. But he took neither palms nor bride.

Word of his newest ambition was passed from person to person over the Superfilms lot. Extras recited it; stars discussed it.

"Don Moran's going to make a picture in Africa."

"With what?"

"His own money."

"Who's going?"

"Not me. If they want me in a monkey picture, sweetheart, the monkeys come to Hollywood. There's a joke in that somewhere. Find it for yourself."

But the conversations and rumors did not cease at that int. Moran was going to use natives in the film, and only three white people. "A hero," Douglas Mac-



Arthur guessed, "and a heroine and a villain. Maybe he'll get someone to double for all three parts. Triple, that is."

MacArthur was right—perhaps for the first time in his life as a promising juvenile.

Moran sailed away with two cameramen and three actors. Of the acting corps, the two men were veterans. Sidney Snider had appeared on the silver screen before the nation for years as a rogue, a beast, a robber, a thug, a human ferret, and a maniac. He was a lean man, with heavy eyebrows, sparks for eyes, and a mouth that curved down. Everyone also knew Jack Bates.

They said that Jack Bates, the dream man of a million stenographers, accompanied Moran partly out of friendship, and partly because he was tired of studio routine and wanted to disport himself on the veldt.

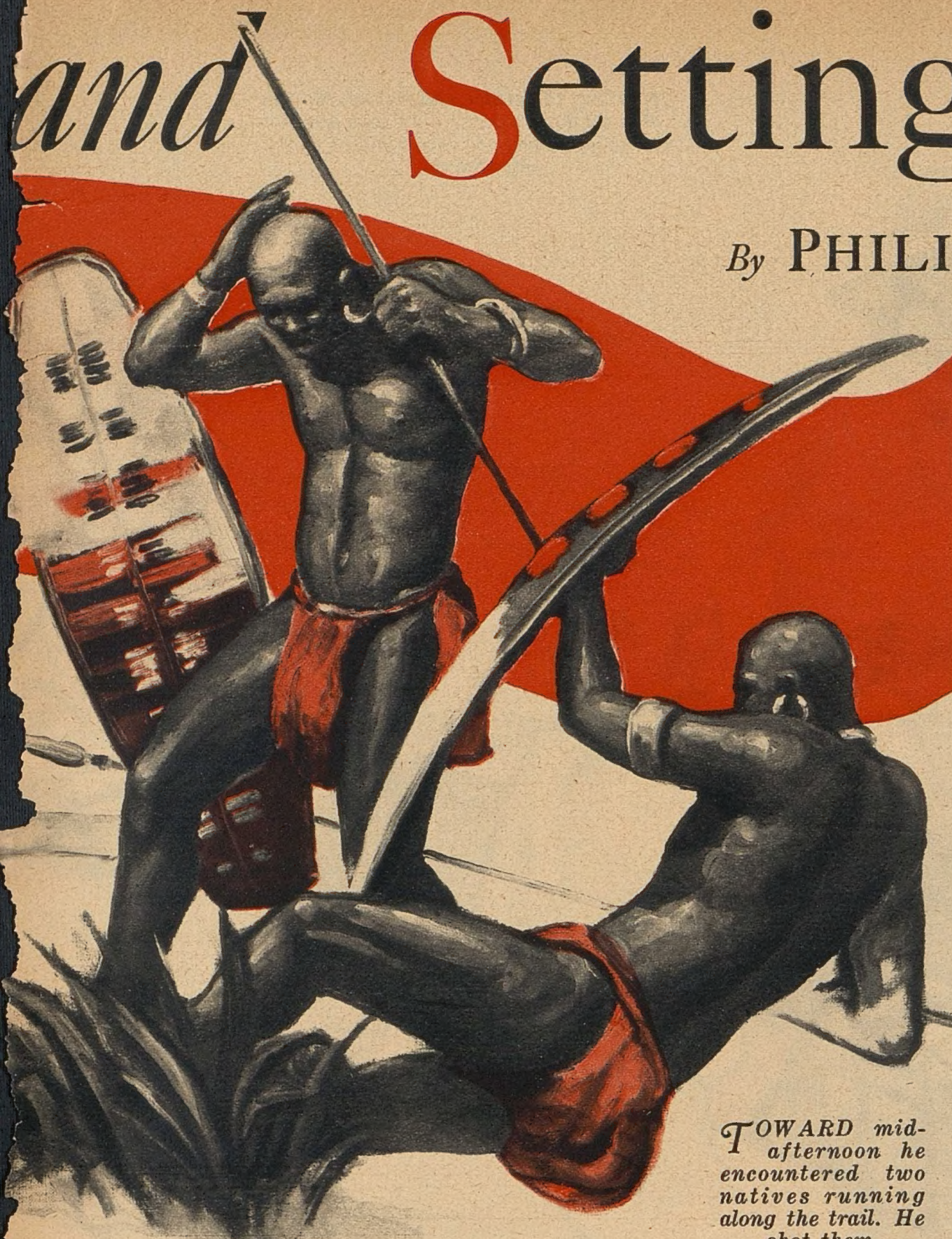
Nobody knew anything about Sylvia Sardou, except that she came from Austin, Texas, had been an extra for two years, and that, whether she photographed well or badly, she certainly was impressively blonde and lovely—even in the beauty surfeit along the southwest coast.

They—the gossips—happened to be right. Jack Bates was so little interested in the African junket from the cinematic standpoint that he had never seen his proposed

and Setting

By PHILIP WYLIE

Pictures by
MORTIMER WILSON, JR.



down in Texas night after night all your life, you'll be a better judge."

The actor turned his back to the hissing water. "I don't agree. Nearly all passable sunsets are too perfect. I like my art on a smaller and more fallible scale."

"That's quite evident."

He looked at her again, sharply. Girls, especially pretty girls, should not be clever. "Is this dramatic criticism?"

"Not quite."

"Then what?"

HE could barely make out the line of her shoulders as she shrugged in the dusk. "A discussion of your private life."

"You've been reading those cheap magazines!"

"No."

He felt the conversation becoming thin. "All right. You've impeached me. But you've never seen me before, except in the pictures."

What have I done?"

"Do you like Don Moran?"

"I'm crazy about him. What has that to do with it?"

Sylvia explained finally. "I was just thinking. He's your best friend. He's staking everything he has on this picture. And you've graciously contrib-

TOWARD mid-afternoon he encountered two natives running along the trail. He shot them.

uted your name and your features. But you aren't really interested enough to take the trouble to help pick out your leading lady."

The man at the rail was piqued. "Maybe I wouldn't have chosen you. Maybe you're in luck because I was so busy before we left."

Anger sounded remotely in her voice. "That's quite true. You're crazy enough about Don to do him a favor—if the favor includes plenty of fun and a grand vacation. But you don't really care about his picture. I suppose it doesn't occur to you, either, that this is my first real chance? You graciously allow me the prestige of an association with you, and you consider that is not only an adequate reward for me but an absolute gift of the gods."

Jack Bates laughed again. "We'll work beautifully together," he said. "It will be like a bear and a tiger in the same harness." He hesitated and his mood changed. "Honestly—do you really think I'm so—"

"Terrible? Say it. Certainly I do. I think, in real life, that the heroes are always villains and the villains always heroic."

"Meaning that Sid Snider is the man who would sa-

leading lady until the Laurentic was well out of San Pedro and plowing toward the Panama Canal. Until, in fact, the sun had gone down and the sea was mad with chromatic glories it caught from the sky. Until the breeze blew cool. Until Sylvia had come from her stateroom in a sport dress and leaned against the rail.

Then Moran introduced them, and left them.

JACK BATES was not swept off his feet. No woman on earth—since the earth had been combed for his acting partners—had the power to do that. But he was agreeably surprised.

He leaned over the rail beside her: the face that had spellbound the stenographers, and Park Avenue dowagers, and débutantes, and many others. But the voice that had added thrill to that spell was silent after the first words.

Sylvia did not speak, either.

Rose and gold became salmon and hard yellow. Gray veils were let down one by one. And when the colors in the sky were mere memories, Jack glanced at her darkening profile.

"That sunset," he said slowly "was too perfect."

The girl laughed. "When you've watched the sun go

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN the attack had melted, Moran sat down again. "If Jack doesn't hurry, you'll have to decide about yourself, Sylvia."



[PERFECT CAST AND SETTING]

Continued from page nine

the day in time of stress and danger while I hoofed it for a high tree?"

"Meaning precisely that."

He took a pipe from his pocket.

"And what would the leading ladies do—in this imaginary real-life crisis?"

"It depends," she answered, "on who they are."

Three Ford automobiles were packed under a group of trees. A large fire blazed steadily in the night. Spine-chilling noises occasionally rose in the vast distances of the veldt and clutched the atmosphere with the vibration of terror.

Moran and his two cameramen were bending over a portable projection machine. They tinkered and talked. At last a rectangle of light splashed against an improvised screen. Sylvia, Bates, and Snider moved up to watch. The film unwound—shots they had made during the past weeks—shots of bare sand and towering trees,

of running beasts and sulking savages. Shots of Sylvia looking into the eyes of Jack Bates and of Snider paddling ferociously through a reptile-infested morass.

Moran did not murmur until the screen went dark. Then he sighed almost like a disappointed child. Jack Bates encircled his shoulder with an arm.

"Don't worry. We'll get it right soon. Wait until I've finished getting my lion bag."

Moran removed the arm. "Anyway, the animals are doing well. You, too, Sylvia."

"What's the matter with me?" Bates asked.

The director shrugged. "You are supposed to be a white trader, a man without a country, a down-and-out. A white girl trying to fly from London to the Cape



lands here. And you're trying to get her to the city."

"Exactly," Bates smiled.

"Well, every shot you make looks more like a feeble-minded botanist trying to pick a lily with a tough stem than a sunburned trader who has been put on the spot."

Bates made a face that burlesqued ferocity. "How will this be?"

But Moran was in no mood for fun. He walked away quietly.

SYLVIA sat down near the fire and Bates walked over and squatted beside her.

"He's sarcastic, our Mr. Moran."

She said nothing.

He patted her. "Don't you worry, child. I'm not in the humor—that's all. Can't act. But his picture will blow them out of the back of the theaters on account of the animal shots."

"It's my fault," she said slowly.

"Yours? Don't be an oaf. You're swell. You've learned a lot."

"I owe that to Sid. He's coached me day and night."

"While I've been running around shooting, eh? The old theory of villain and hero? I tell you—a man with a face like Sid's is bound to have a soul of brass."

"What's the matter with my face?" Sid Snider beside them and grinned.

Sylvia looked at him wistfully. "Jack says it's honest."

"It is. I cultivate crookedness. When I started playing these parts I used to make it a rule to steal a blind man's pencils every day and if possible to knock an old lady off a trolley car. I soon became proficient."

They laughed.

"Now," Snider continued amiably, "you ought to get Jack to fall in love with you. He has a reputation for doing it well—when there's no unfavorable publicity attached to it. If he were in love with you, he'd soon be making better pictures. But what happens? I fall in love with you. Terrible! How can I sit behind logs and shoot at you with an expression of hate when all the time I'm thinking up valentines? I ask you all?"

Sylvia laughed again and looked at the squatting hero. "Why don't you fall in love with me, Jack?"

To her surprise he stood up, said, "Maybe I have," and walked away.

"We offended him finally," Snider murmured. "And that's hard to do."

The girl was silent.

THE sweaty blacks put down the chair in which Sylvia was being carried. Along the narrow trail the entire file stopped.

Moran flapped his face with a bandana, tripped on a root as he went forward, and audibly harangued the interpreter.

"Now what in hell? Has somebody spilled salt? Are we being held up by somebody's aunt's ghost? Tell these lazy devils to get on."

"No go."

"No go, eh? I'll see about that. Why won't they go?"

"*Bulohmbi*."

"Oh. *Bulohmbi*, eh? In English that means baloney. Tell them to move. We'll be baked brown in another ten minutes."

"No go."

"What the—"

The interpreter apparently decided that a demonstration would be the best argument. "I show," he said, and led Moran to the head of the halted column.

Just beyond the place where they had stopped was an opening in the trees—a vast opening, the opposite side of which was lost in blue haze. But in the center of this vast and unexpected stretch of open land was a hill, and on the hill was something that caused Moran's eyes to bulge in his head.

It was a ruin—a huge and amazing ruin. White fluted columns still stood against the skyline. Great blocks of stone sat one upon the other. Crumbling steps led toward it from the grass that covered the veldt. The guide and interpreter pointed. "*Bulohmbi*," he said.

Moran's call brought the others. They stood on the edge of the vast arid tundra and stared.

"You go?" the guide nervously inquired.

"Why not?"

"*Bulohmbi*."

"The devils that guard it, eh?"

The black interpreter nodded dismally.

When the director spoke again his voice quivered with suppressed emotion. "We'll camp here and go out early in the morning. We may not have the masterpiece of outdoor acting, but we're going to get a picture they won't forget, anyway. I never heard of that. It's thousands of years old. Only God knows who built it. Romans? Greeks? Egyptians? I was right in wanting to go somewhere white men hadn't been ahead of me."

The ruins, as they approached them, towered higher than they had imagined. They were better preserved. Parts of an ornamental frieze still stood on the pedestal.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PERFECT CAST AND SETTING]
Continued from page eleven

all pillars. The place was like an acropolis—in the middle of Africa. They mounted the time-gnawed and weed-ridden staircase. Leroy and Gregory, the two cameramen, stopped occasionally to grind film.

They did not talk much, although they had found plenty to say. Sylvia shivered. Snider regarded the stones with increasing nervousness. Bates marched steadfastly and without comment.

At the head of the staircase they came upon a skeleton. Beside the bones was a rusted rifle. Among them was a native spear, and its position indicated why the bones had remained.

"Somebody," Moran said slowly, "was on the location ahead of us. If the guides had had the nerve to come out here they might have seen that the ghosts were pretty real." He straightened up and unconsciously scanned the horizon of the open space. It was serene.

They went on. The ruins rose above them—majestic, mysterious, anonymous. In their exact center was a huge stone crypt. A block of gigantic size had fallen from its façade, leaving a dark hole.

"Looks as if it had caved off recently," Bates said. "You can still see where the weeds grew before it dropped."

When they had finished a complete tour of the ruins they returned by common consent to the yawning hole.

"Looks like a tomb," Moran commented. "It's in the exact center of the place."

"Shall we have a look inside?"

"You want to try it, Bates?"

"Why not?"

"Well—be careful. Got matches?"

"Sure. Give me a hand up."

Sylvia found herself intervening. "Don't do it. There might be a well in there. Or snakes. Or—"

Bates glanced at her with surprise. "Come on," he said to the others. "Let's go."

Leroy helped him up and followed him through the hole. "Too dark," he shouted back, "even for a newsreel photographer to get a shot."

They waited outside the square stone building for five minutes, ten, fifteen. They heard the voices issue in sepulchral tones from the dark hole. At last Bates appeared. He climbed out hastily and was followed by Leroy.

THE men were so patently excited that no one troubled to ask what they found. Both dropped to the ground. Bates put his hand in his pocket and withdrew it. He had caught part of the rainbow: a dozen jewels flamed on his palm.

"The place," he said soberly, "is lousy with this stuff."

Leroy took from his blouse a statuette. It was made of solid gold.

In another instant Snider had scaled the side of the building and disappeared in the hole.

The ensuing half hour was delirious. Almost without command, and to the rhythm of irrelevant and fanatical comment, they proceeded to remove the contents of the age-old tomb. They piled it on a square stone slab—jewels, images, ornaments. When they had finished they stood before a flashing fortune, silent with awe.

The sun had moved up. The heat was becoming intense.

"Some of it goes to the state," Moran said soberly and at last. "But the stuff is worth—"

"Millions!"

Everyone looked at Snider. He was rubbing his elbows with his hands. His face was taut and pallid. Clammy moisture appeared on his forehead.

"Millions," Bates repeated softly.

Sylvia walked away a little distance, disgusted at the show of avarice. She rounded a heap of crumbled stone and looked toward the camp. At first she thought that she was muddled and had looked in the wrong direction.

Then she realized that the camp was no longer in existence. Guides, carriers, and beaters had departed.

She thought that she screamed, but she made only a small sound. It was the sort of sound, however, which attracted immediate attention.

Moran rushed to her side, followed her trembling finger, started, and swore. Bates came next.

"They've gone! Beat it! Hung us up!"

Snider did not come at all. He stayed beside the treasure, drinking it with his eyes.

The director acted quickly. "We'll take as much of that as we can. In the big knapsack. We may catch them before dark."

They had crossed most of the distance between the ruins and the camp site when, out of the impenetrable jungle, a spear whistled. It stuck, shivering, in the earth at their feet.

Somewhere in the forest a drum began to beat.

Bates took a revolver from his pocket and stepped into the lead. A dozen spears impeded their next move forward.

Snider's voice rose from the rear: "It's the Bulohmbi. They're natives, not ghosts."

They retreated fifty yards. No human being could be seen—only the spears sticking at acute angles from the earth.

A DRUMBEAT came softly from the remote opposite side of the clearing. Then another between the first two. Then a fourth and fifth, until the air reverberated with their sullen music.

Leroy spoke next. "Wish we had the sound stuff here."

"They seem to be all around us," Bates said.

The party faltered and halted.

Moran's voice was a note higher than usual. "We'll go back to the ruins and talk it over."

They talked for two hours in the shadow of the immemorial columns. Little by little they understood. They perceived why the skeleton lay on the steps. They comprehended the meaning of Bulohmbi. The place was ringed by a savage tribe whose function for centuries had doubtless been the guarding of the ruins. Their method of keeping watch was to allow any intruder to reach the toppled stones but to prevent his return from them. There was no doubt that they were hemmed in on all sides at greater or lesser distances—distances which would eventually close when their food and water and ammunition had been consumed.

It was mid-afternoon when they missed Snider. While they were looking for him Gregory discovered that the bulk of the jewels were also gone. Then Leroy sighted him crawling through the low grass toward the jungle barrier.

Bates took Sylvia's arm. He said only one word: "Well?"

She did not answer, so he continued: "Trying to make a break alone—with the stuff."

After that they watched, and what they watched was a foolish tragedy. Snider had doubtless deserted them more in an attempt to save his own life than for any other reason. But he had taken the jewels also.

Sylvia was bitterly astonished. She stood mute and cold beside the others.

He crept and skirmished toward the trees. The knapsack on his shoulders was like a brown hummock when he lay down. He came closer and closer to the jungle. One of the drums changed its rhythm.

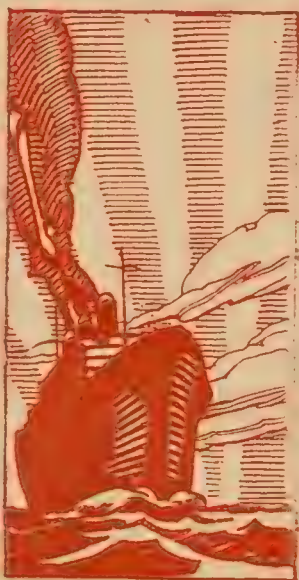
"Hear that?" Bates said softly. He was trembling.

Snider looked back—as if he were afraid they would shoot at him.

He gathered himself at last, and began to run. They could read hysteria, terror, and greed in his very posture and motions.

He ran farther than they had walked. A spear shot out of the leaves.

He screamed and dropped.



Snider groaned, opened his eyes, raised his arms to defend himself, and fainted again.

The sun set.

Fires were lighted on the jungle edge—round blazes near by and bright pin points in the distance. Occasionally Snider moaned.

A small, thin wind rose and in contrast to the daytime heat, it seemed cold.

Bates gave his coat to Sylvia. "I won't need it," he said when she demurred.

He could feel her looking at him in the dark. "That was a very brave thing you did today."

He did not answer.

Abruptly she thought about his reference to his coat. "Why won't you need your coat?"

"Oh—"

Moran approached them. "He's leaving us."

"Leaving!"

"Going to try to get through them in the dark."

Sylvia's mind was racked and distorted. She had witnessed Snider's insane sally in the afternoon. She thought of any similar effort as being motivated similarly. She was unfamiliar with the woods, the jungles, the savage outdoors.

She said in a small voice, "I

ALONG the narrow trail the entire file stopped. Moran went forward and audibly harangued the interpreter.

But he did not stop screaming. Sylvia covered her face with her hands and began to weep.

A half hour passed. Snider had stopped screaming, but they could still hear him. Sylvia had not checked her sobs.

Bates touched Leroy's shoulder. "Try for him?"

Leroy turned to Gregory. "Use the telephoto, just as we did on Snider. Come on."

Moran tried to stop them, but Bates shook off his hand.

They went very carefully. When they were within range of the spears, they crawled.

"Watch the woods," Bates said. "If the drums change we'll beat it."

The drums did not change. They dragged Snider for fifty yards. He fainted. After that they carried him. Moran stood over him. "If we could get him out soon enough, he'd live." He started to take off his blouse for bandage.

Sylvia came up then, with a pale-pink undergarment in her hand.

think you should go. You're about the only one who has a chance of saving his life."

Moran stared at her through the dark. Bates said nothing to her but he addressed the director: "I'll take

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PERFECT CAST AND SETTING]
Continued from page thirteen

that big diamond, if you don't mind. And Snider's can-teen. I can fill it if I get through."

"Right."

"Are Gregory and Leroy going, too?"

"No," Moran said tersely to her.

"At least they're gentlemen."

Bates returned briefly to her side. His breath was uneven.

"Good-by," he said.

She thought of him—arriving in civilization after they had been killed, with his big diamond and his dreadful story of escape. Almost she hoped the spears would find him in the night.

He went.

Gregory and Leroy were trying to sleep, lying on the ground and sheltered from the wind. Moran walked slowly back and forth, peering occasionally at the ring of fires. Sylvia sat listening to the drums.

Jack Bates would be a hero if he saved his skin. When he went back to Hollywood the world would turn out to gaze. How simply he had deserted them! How quietly!

BATES raced through the dark, wading in jungle swill, fighting trees, vines, insects, and avoiding padded sounds. The jungle was not a new place to him. In his career he had practiced every natural art in every environment. He slid through the Stygian dark. He passed within sight of one of the fires and for a while he could see the dancing black men around it.

In the morning, when his clothes were almost separated from his body, he transferred the diamond to his mouth. He would need it as pledge of his story if and when he reached civilization.

Toward mid-afternoon he encountered two natives running along the trail. He shot them.

When he reached the place where they had left the Fords and the bulk of their equipment, he spent a full hour waiting and watching before he ventured into the open.

The five people in the ruins waited quietly. Snider was feverish. Leroy and Gregory played mumbledy-peg. Moran shared his last drop of water with Sylvia.

She felt cold, insensible, hopeless, unafraid. Bates had gone—and he was all that mattered.

"I hope," she said at last to Moran, "that he gets away with his own life."

"If he doesn't—" Moran began.

Then Gregory's revolver cracked. They jumped to their feet.

Men, hundreds of men, were emerging from the forest. They came in a prodigious circle, carrying shields and spears. The nearest were plainly visible. Sylvia could see the paint on their bodies, the feathers in their hair, the ivory sticks in their pierced ears. Her blood curdled.

Moran, Gregory, and Leroy began firing together in different directions. Half a dozen of the natives fell. They came within fifty yards. Spears slithered among the stones. And suddenly they ran back. In five minutes, except for the bodies on the ground, the world was empty again.

When the attack had melted, Moran sat down again. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Perspiration made his clothes sodden.

"If Jack doesn't hurry—that is—provided he can hurry—you'll have to decide about yourself, Sylvia."

She ignored the last part of his statement. "What do you mean—if he doesn't hurry?"

He stiffened incredulously. "Hurry to get us help."

"Help? He went for help?"

"What in hell else?"

"But it took us five days to get here from the Fords, and two days in the Fords."

My dear child, we loafed. We dawdled. If Jack lived through the Bulohmbi, he could make the whole

trip in twenty-four hours. Maybe less. That is, if a snake doesn't get him on the way. Or a crocodile. Or a lion. You mean to say—"

"I thought," Sylvia said in a queer tone, "that he was just saving himself."

She fainted dead away.

One hour passed. Two.

Leroy and Gregory stopped playing mumbledy-peg. They came over to the place where Moran sat.

"If it gets dark—" Gregory murmured.

There was a yell on the jungle fringe. The two men rushed to their posts. Leroy had set up the camera. He photographed the second attack from beginning to end. With his right hand he cranked film. With his left he fired into the spearmen. Once a spear sizzled straight toward the camera and he was compelled to leap to safety.

"That," he said, "will give 'em a pretty good idea of what it feels like to be on the business end of one of those things."

Gregory nodded and fired twice at the retreating natives.

They came back a third time just before sunset. They came slowly, and with determination.

And they were almost within range when the airplane hummed out of the west.

They saw it and stopped. The plane belonged to a British outpost and it was equipped with machine guns. But no opportunity was given for the use of the guns. The black men were seized with a frenzy of fear. They screamed, dropped their weapons, and ran. When the plane touched earth, even the drums were silent.

Sylvia ran toward it. It taxied crazily almost to the threshold of the ruins. A man in helmet, goggles, and khaki clothes leaped to the ground.

She threw her arms around him. "Jack! Oh, Jack!" she sobbed.

The man politely disengaged her arms and lifted his goggles. It was not Jack.

"Really!" he said.

She looked into the plane. It contained no one else. Its pilot was being thumped and cheered by the three men.

Sylvia forced herself on his attention. "Where is he? Did he get through?"

"Oh! The chappie that brought the news? Quite. Nervy feller. Came into Gunundi in a car. Stark, you know. They thought he was loony, but he popped a big diamond out of his mouth to prove things. They wired us at the post and I tootled up to find out the what-what." He stared into the jungle. "Nasty people. The Belgians own 'em, I guess. How many are you? I think we can get up—"

"Where is he? Where is he now?"

The pilot turned to her patiently. "Sleepin', I should imagine."

MORAN, immaculate in a white suit, walked beside Gregory. They were in the midst of civilization. Around them were houses.

At their right was a park along a river side. It was shaded by magnificent palms, and red flowers bloomed on its shrubbery.

"I'm having the stuff appraised," Moran said. "But I'll bet we make more out of the film than the jewels are worth. Of course, we'll have to get up a new love interest."

Gregory stopped and pointed. At the river's edge stood Sylvia and Jack Bates. They were locked in a deathless embrace. They kissed, Moran said afterward, violently. And twenty feet away, with the silent camera they had used for game, hiding behind a shrub, was Leroy. He waved back Gregory and Moran, and he winked.

The two men withdrew. "Perfect setting," the director said, "and perfect cast. We won't have to worry about love interest now."

THE END





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THE Leutnant struck the desk with his fist. "Do you realize that I can have you shot in five minutes?" "All right, have me shot!" I snapped back at him.



SHOOT and Be

*The Enemy's Third Degree—The Underground Dungeons of Metz
Berlin—The March in the Blizzard—The Terrible*

By SERGEANT ED HALYBURTON, D.S.M.

As told to RALPH GOLL

(Reading time: 26 minutes 45 seconds.)

A BASHFUL youngster from the mountains of North Carolina, Edgar M. (later, "Hardboiled") Halyburton first enlisted in the United States army in 1909. He was a corporal in June, 1917, when his regiment, the Sixteenth Infantry, went to France with the First Division.

During October, as they awaited orders to move up into the line, the prospect of being the first Yankees to face the enemy keyed up the doughboys of the Sixteenth until brawls over nothing were frequent among them. By this time Halyburton was a sergeant. A corporal, Pete Mora, flared into a crazy rage and shot at him. Halyburton, shooting in self-defense, mortally wounded Mora; so when the orders came Halyburton went into the trenches heavy-hearted and with a heart-martial hanging over him.

On the night of November 2 the Germans made a raid and a box barrage. Halyburton's buddies Gresham, Hay, Enright were killed. Eleven men were captured, and of them he himself was the first.

This appeared in the opening installment of his story, week's Liberty. It left him, "captured but not condemned" in St. Avold, at the mercy of a German intelligence officer who was beginning to put him through a "third

What follows is an authentic war document. The names of all persons—except obviously true names, and that of Halyburton—have been changed. In other words, with these exceptions all characters in the story have been given fictitious names.

PART TWO—THE STARE OF STARVATION

IN the east the sky was turning gray. I could contain myself no longer.

"If you're going to kill me, do it now, for God's sake, and have it over with!" I cried.

"No, no, sergeant." The officer seemed shocked. "We're not the barbarians you think. We don't kill prisoners."

"Then where are the men captured with me?"

"I'll send you to them shortly. Now you are to sleep."

Taken to a civil prison, I was locked in an individual cell, where I soon fell asleep on a bench. When I awakened, a German soldier was standing over me, jerking my blouse and yelling, "*Raus, raus—komm, komm!*" I had been permitted less than an hour's sleep, and that only because it added to my agony.

In a little while I found myself back in the "sweat box." The same Leutnant was on hand.

Picture by
WILL GRAVEN

Damned!

*Giessen to Darmstadt to
Wagons of Death*

"So sorry to disturb you, sergeant," he smiled; "but I have some questions to ask."

I showed my teeth. So he thought he had worked me up to a point where I would break and talk!

Cautiously I sized up my adversary. My best defense, I decided, would be to exaggerate my ignorance.

"Now, sergeant, how many troops do you think we have in the field?"

I shrugged. "A few hundred thousand."

"How many men has America sent to France?"

"Three army corps," I lied.

"What rot! Now tell me the truth."

"I don't have to answer questions like that," I said, having heard years before the war that, under international law, a prisoner was only required to identify himself.

Day and night, with only brief intervals of rest, he grilled me. Mostly his attitude was friendliness itself. Occasionally he poured wine for me and gave me cigarettes.

SOMETIMES, too, our marathon Q-and-A contest was interrupted by the appearance of high officers, who never failed to express contempt for the American army and satisfaction over the entry of the United States into the war. France and England would be crushed by spring, they said, and America would pay the indemnities.

I was close to both physical and mental collapse when we resumed our session on the seventh morning.

The *Leutnant*, too, was visibly yielding to the strain. "What is the caliber of the American army rifle?" "I don't know," I answered mechanically, for we had been over the question a hundred times.

"*Dummkopf!*" Lance corporals in the German army know such things.

"Well, I'm a sergeant, and I'm damned if I do."

"We captured some of your rifles and we can measure the bore, so why not tell me?"

"Then measure it," I said.

The *Leutnant* struck the desk with his fist.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!
[Continued from page seventeen]

you realize that I can have you shot in five minutes?"

"All right, have me shot!" I snapped back at him. "If I had you where I could do it, I'd shoot you a damned sight quicker than that!"

He took a turn around the room and came back to me, smiling. "Sergeant, excuse me. I have the worst job in the German army. Have some wine and a cigarette."

I was still holding my own when he folded up his papers and sent me back to the town lockup.

Certain that my fellow captives had been murdered and that I was to share their fate, I drew no meaning from the references which the jailer made to *Kameraden* and *Amerikaner*. He unlocked the door of the bull pen and I passed inside, where a half dozen men in olive-drab threw themselves upon me, whooping joyfully.

"How's everything in hell, sergeant?"

I was among my comrades. Yet it was not until I had felt their hands that I really believed they lived.

Soon we were comparing our experiences. My fellow prisoners had been brought to St. Avold by a circuitous route after our parting on the road.

"They may not shoot us," I said, "but we're going to have a tough time of it. As the first American prisoners, we've got to keep our chins up. Others will follow us. Let's blaze a way for them by obeying all reasonable orders, at the same time insisting that they treat us as men and soldiers. If they get too tough, they'll have the job of killing us where we stand."

My companions agreed.

That evening I was taken before the intelligence officer again.

"Well, sergeant, you and your men are being sent away. You're going to a place where you'll be very comfortable. The German sergeant in charge can speak English and I'm sure that you'll get along very well."

"Tell it to the marines," I scoffed.

"Just to show you that I bear you no personal ill feeling, I've got an overcoat for you. You'll need it."

He handed me a bloodstained American army greatcoat. On its lining was stenciled the name of one of the men killed in the raid—Private Merle Hay. My first impulse was to refuse the coat. Then, realizing that I could not be sentimental, I put it on. Something fell to the floor. It was a bullet that had passed through Hay's body.

He also turned over to me all the letters and personal papers taken in the raid. Several of the envelopes bore the names of Jimmy Gresham and Tom Enright, whom Corporal Mulhall had seen killed.

NOW Mulhall's own name, as well as those of Privates Decker and Lester, could be added to the list of the dead, I concluded. In view of the treatment to which the rest of us had been subjected in St. Avold, it seemed impossible that the wounded men had survived.

Continuing my examination of the letters, I came upon one so blackened by blood that its address barely showed. I held it to the light. There was a name: Gallagher—Danny Gallagher. I stared, unwilling to believe my eyes. There had to be a mistake!

Danny was F Company's kid soldier. Only sixteen years old, he had falsely represented his age when he enlisted. Now he was dead; for the letter must have been taken from his body.

A couple of hours later I was loaded into a box car with the other American prisoners and sent to the fortress of Metz, forty kilometers east. There we were held in dungeons underneath the fortifications.

The cells were unheated. Daylight never penetrated. Water seeped through the walls perpetually and every crack and crevice was alive with vermin. Enormous rats played tag in the corridors.

At first the dead air sickened us; but after a couple of days we became more or less accustomed to it. Of the chilling dampness we were always conscious. Crawling into our cots, we found it impossible to stand the cooties. Getting up, we had to exercise constantly to keep warm. We were into our blankets and out a hundred times a day.

As though such exertions were not enough, the *Feldwebel* in charge drove us around the bull pen whenever he thought of it. It appeared that he did understand English, but he addressed us only with Teutonic grunts and growls.

Unable to bathe or shave, we were becoming indescribably filthy. The ersatz soup and black bread had given some of the men dysentery. All of us were growing gradually weaker.

The only English words I heard spoken by anyone other than my comrades came from a guard.

"I just heard the *Feldwebel* say that he intends to scalp you Americans, same as the Indians used to do," he told me impressively.

DURING our fourth week under the fort Mulhall, Decker, and Lester, whom we had given up as dead, arrived from a hospital. Though they were still suffering from their wounds, German medical officers had pronounced them fit.

As we embraced them our emotions ranged from surprise and horror to commiseration and joy. Mulhall's mutilated face looked like a mask. Decker wept, the tears coursing down from under the closed lid of his one eye while the socket of the other remained open, showing its red depths. Dragging himself on stiff legs, Lester laughed wildly.

We were trying to pick out the least wretched quarters for the wounded men when the commandant of the fortress came down to us. We were shoved into line and he walked back and forth, scrutinizing each of us.

At last he halted and pointed a finger. "*Der Mann—der Mann—der Mann*."

His voice boomed in our ears like the thunder of doom. A noncom pulled the three men chosen out of line. One was poor Mulhall, the oldest member of the group; one, McDougal, the largest; and the other, Haines, the youngest and smallest.

"Good-by, gang! Good-by, boys! Good luck!"

The three were being marched down the corridor ahead of the commandant. A steel door opened and closed and they were gone. The swiftness with which our reunion had been turned into a leave-taking made the whole affair seem like a nightmare to me. The jaws of death had opened, releasing three live ghosts, only to snatch back one of them and two of my cellmates.

At last post, the prison *Feldwebel* strutted through the corridor, and we tried to question him. The grunt we got for an answer might have implied anything. We took it to mean the worst. Our comrades were to be killed or tortured, we agreed.

Later the English-speaking guard came along.

"The three who were taken away have been scalped and burned at the stake," he declared solemnly.

Instead of confirming our frightful fancies, his words seemed to make them ridiculous. We laughed and Grimbsley gave him "the berry." He was not offended.

"I'll tell you the truth," he said. "Your comrades have been sent to the Crown Prince's headquarters, where they'll be kept with other prisoners typical of the armies fighting Germany."

So the son of the Kaiser was gathering specimens from all the Allied armies for a private collection!

We laughed again. He came closer to the bars.

"I've done you a favor," he said. "Now tell me about the Indians. Did you ever fight Indians?"



Sergeant Halyburton and (at his left) Danny Gallagher in the front row of a group of American prisoners at Tüchel.

We had the Heinie's number. Indians were his weakness. We wondered whether he had ever heard the story of Chief Pain-in-the-Leg of the Kickapants tribe. He had not. Then it was time that he did. . . .

After the guards had been changed eight times and we had reached the episode of the Princess Slip-Me-Another in the never-ending adventures of Chief Pain-in-the-Leg, our dizzy Indian fancier had to tear his ear away from the bars to admit some new prisoners.

A slight body, white and half naked, dropped down from the world of wind and sun.

Somebody was crying, "Danny Gallagher! Come here, Danny!"

AGAIN I had the feeling that I was living through a nightmare in which dead men walked. Yet there was Danny, thinner and whiter but still brimming with vitality. He walked in to us with an impish grin.

"Boys, am I tickled! I thought I was the only American those damn' squareheads didn't kill!"

"Where were you hit, Danny?"

"Oh, they just nicked me," said the irrepressible boy. "I got two slugs through the legs and one through the guts. That one hurt. But, say, did anyone see what I did with that sho-sho? I had them piled up ten deep before the gun jammed! Then I ducked around a corner of the trench and right into a kraut. He plugged me."

Danny had been sent out of the hospital wearing only an O. D. shirt, pants, and shoes. As I had both underwear and an overcoat, I gave him my blouse and, cutting the tops off my socks, fashioned caps for both of us.

A day or so later the *Leutnant* from the intelligence

"Good-by, Americans," called the Heinie we had been regaling with Indian stories. "Before you go, tell me what happened to the Indian chief."

"We took him out and scalped him," I flung back.

After a march we boarded another box car. Twenty-four hours later we had crossed the Rhine to Giessen and were approaching a prison camp.

Built to hold English prisoners, this camp was now crowded to capacity with Italians. Their condition was



Picture by WILL GRAVEN

"We were loaded into a box car, to be sent to the fortress city of Metz."



Showing the route, with prison way stations, by which Halyburton and his comrades were moved across Germany. The boundaries are those of today; in wartime both Metz and Tüchel were within German territory.

"pumping station" at St. Avold showed up outside our dungeon. He was full of apologies for the fetid hell to which he had consigned us, and promised that we would soon be sent to a regular prison camp. Unmindful of our razzing, he showed me a long sheet of paper on which appeared in typewritten English every question he had asked me. Opposite the questions were answers—all correct so far as I knew.

"Will you do me the great favor of verifying this list, sergeant?" he smiled. "I can return a favor, you know."

It seemed probable that he knew his information was correct. To admit it might win us immediate release from our underground prison without doing much damage.

I turned to my comrades. There was nothing in their sunken eyes and bearded faces that suggested a surrender. I handed back the paper. "Take it and stick it up your shirt tail, lieutenant."

Still smiling, he pocketed it. Then, striding away, he called over his shoulder, "Good luck, Americans!"

Early the next morning the surly *Feldwebel* summoned us to the prison office, where a squad of guards waited to take charge of us.

even worse than ours, for they had been forced to move afoot from the battlefield far into the interior of Austria. Thousands had died in the snow. The Englishmen in this camp had organized a prison committee and were receiving enough food to sustain them through their Red Cross.

I HAD sent a post card to the American Red Cross in Paris, describing our plight in Metz. The commandant at Giessen gave me permission to write another card. Whether either would get out of Germany was problematical.

In Giessen we went through the delousing factory. After our first real sleep in weeks we entrained again, and presently found ourselves in quarantine outside the French prison camp at Darmstadt.

As an organization the French prison community refused to aid us, but as individuals the imprisoned *poilus* were generous, sharing their own meager Red Cross rations with us without being asked.

January came, and then the general in charge of the camp sent for me. My party was to be sent to another camp, he told me through an interpreter.

"There are other Americans at the camp," he continued. "The place is well organized and you'll be better satisfied—though of course you'll find it colder."

Early the next morning we drew rations—a chunk of so-called bread and piece of liverwurst for each man—and boarded a third-class railroad carriage with an escort of taciturn *Landsturm* soldiers. Somehow we had gotten the idea that our trip would be short, and so it might have been, except that while we headed east hundreds of troop trains were speeding west with an army released by the Russian disaster.

At the end of the day we had not eaten since morning. As if to tantalize us, the guards, plentifully supplied with bread and sausage, munched the stuff in front of us, smacking their lips and laughing. When they were *Schnapps* they showed us off to civilians at the station.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!]

[Continued from page nineteen]

Three days passed and we were still traveling without eating. Then a fat, pink-cheeked German boarded the train and took a seat in our compartment.

"Look at that damned kraut sitting there, fat as a pig, and here we are starving!" I said.

"I've been looking at him," said Grimbsley. "So help me God, I could cut him up and cook and eat him!"

"Hell, you couldn't keep a squarehead on your stomach," said Gallagher.

The *Deutscher* was looking at us, but no glimmer of intelligence showed in his pale-blue eyes.

So it went for an hour or two. In fact, we were still figuratively broiling, frying, and stewing him when the train reached Berlin. Then he rose and bowed to us.

"Vell, poys, I vish you luck and much food in your next camp!" he said and was gone.

Toward noon of our fifth foodless day we reached Tüchel, a town in West Prussia, about halfway between Berlin and Warsaw. Detraining in knee-deep snow, we tightened our belts and nerved ourselves for a march into what seemed an endless forest of pine.

"How far?—how long?" we kept asking the guards.

"*Eine Stunde!*" was their answer.

We got our heads together and managed to translate the words as "One hour." Then we remembered that the Italians at Giessen, telling of the terrible march which followed their capture, had said the Germans, day in and day out, answered their questions with "One hour!"

We forgot the hunger gnawing at our shrunken bellies in the greater agony of exposure. It was far below zero, and the wind made us feel that we were naked. We bent our close-cropped heads to the arctic storm, pitching forward into the snow whenever we stumbled. Even the guards found the going hard. The whiskers around their mouths and noses were incased in ice.

"How far?—how long?"

"*Eine Stunde!*"

After pushing through the forest without rest for five or six kilometers, it did not seem humanly possible to hold out much longer.

ALL at once the roar of the wind died away. We had come out into a vast clearing where barbed-wire barricades extended as far as our smarting eyes could see.

Here was the prison camp—but where could the barracks be? Only four or five buildings were visible.

A great gate opened and closed and we were marched toward the commandant's headquarters. Thousands of Russians appeared, some pulling wagons, others marching back and forth, and still more merely standing and staring.

Something was lying in the trampled snow beside the path we followed. At first I thought it a log. Then I recognized it as a man—a Russian prisoner. He was dead, frozen to the bone.

I looked around in vague wonder. There were other dead men in sight—a score, perhaps. No one seemed to be paying the slightest attention to them.

A battalion went by, each soldier-captive clad in the tatters of what once had been a paper uniform. Then we were passing one of the frame structures—a cookhouse, supposed from its smell. Thirty or forty Russians were sitting around the door. They grappled, rolled, and fought at the drifts.

Suddenly a squad of guards fell upon them, yelling, "*Alles raus!*" Bayonets licked in and out of the mass of groveling men. Rifle butts thudded against ribs and heads. There were cries of mercy: "*Kamerad! Oh, Kamerad!*"

Whimpering, one of the prisoners emerged from the mêlée. He was clutching part of the prize for which they had struggled—potato peelings, dirty and frozen! Others were on their feet again, stumbling, staggering. But some were still sprawled motionless when our escort marched us into the commandant's office, a big warm building, filled with clerks, both German and Russian.

No officers being present, we addressed the clerks as a group, using all the German words we knew in an effort to learn whether there were any other Americans in the camp. The question got over to them and brought a chorus of *nichts* and *neins* easy to understand.

After we had waited about an hour, we stormed the overlord of Tüchel—General von Kronkeit, who was, I learned later, a relative of Kaiser Wilhelm.

The general had eyes for nobody but my comrades and myself. His huge gray mustache fairly bristled and his face grew hard. For a few seconds he studied us. Then he motioned to me to follow him.



Six of the first Americans at Tüchel as they looked shortly after arrival. Left to right: seated, Kemdall, Sergeant Halyburton, Loughman; standing, Lester, Godfrey, Gallagher. At the left of the group is the bullet-torn coat that had belonged to Private Hay.

WE went outdoors and he backed me up against a wall, shaking a finger in my face and talking rapidly in a high-pitched voice. I guessed—correctly, it developed afterward—that he was warning me that all of us would be shot for the slightest infraction of rules.

"Yes, sir," I said when he finished, and surprised him with a salute, which he did not return.

A little later we were taken in tow by a *Schildwache*, or guard, who led us to the entrance of an underground gallery.

This explained the absence of barracks. All prisoners were quartered in dugouts.

Five yards below the surface of the field we came out into a cavernous room dimly lighted by two small electric lamps. Three tiers of bunks had been built into the walls. The roof was of heavy timbers covered with sand. Through it ran a chimney and a ventilator, neither of which seemed to have been put to use, as the place was not only cold but horribly fetid.

A second guard came down, carrying a covered pail. Trembling with anticipation, we watched him remove the lid. He had indeed brought soup—or, rather, a stinking lukewarm slime that passed as soup.

To each of us Americans he ladled out a pint of the stuff. As I lifted my bowl to my lips I faced around, the growl of an animal in my throat. Behind us the Russians were watching. Their forms were hidden by the shadows, but their eyes shone like those of a wolf pack. From the bunks other glittering eyes looked down.

I shook off brute instinct and tried to think, my belly being full for the moment. Then I understood that we had come to a city of living dead men; that it was starvation that stared at us.

One of the Russians came up to me and began fingering the buttons on my overcoat like a child, gazing steadfastly into my face. My flesh crept.

"*Kamerad—oh, Kamerad—oh, oh!*" he said, after a long silence, shaking his shaggy head. There was pity in his doleful voice—infinite pity.

"What is it?" I whispered. "For God's sake, tell us!"

From all quarters came voices, addressing us in Rus-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



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HERE IS A SALE THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU! Here is the reason for it:—to let you judge Modess for yourself!

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NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!]
Continued from page twenty]

Polish, Yiddish, German, and French. We understood only that they were trying to express their sympathy and warn us against something. Being that words were lost on us, the Russian noncom who had spoken first held up his hand for silence and started gesturing violently. His message still went over our heads.

"Kamerad—komm," he said, leading me to the dugout stove.

Part of a pine stump was lying on the dirt floor nearby. He pointed to it, speaking again in German and repeating the word *Holz*. I nodded understanding.

"Holzwagen—Wagen für Holz," he continued, imitating the labors of the prisoners I had seen pulling wood wagons.

"Yes—ja, ja," I told him.

Now the Russian was pointing at me, then at the other Americans. "Sie—General von Kronkeit—Holzwagen."

That was clear enough. The general had ordered us detailed to the wood wagons.

"Wagen—nicht gut," pronounced the noncom, and again the other Russians sighed in chorus, "Wagen—Tod."

Again he pretended to be pulling a cart. Now he shivered, blew on his fingers, and rubbed his belly. This he followed up by throwing himself on the ground and pantomiming death agonies.

Loughman caught my arm. "He means that son of a — of a boche is putting us on a detail that'll kill us!"

Presently the noncom conveyed to us that only the strongest Russians were put on the wood wagons, and then only for two days at a stretch. Many died the first day, more the next.

We were stronger than the other captives, so we might last a week or two. If we preferred to die at once we had only to refuse to work.

Captured during the early days of the war, three hundred thousand Russians—*drei hundert tausend*, the noncom said—had been driven into the forest and ordered to dig caves for themselves. Later they had been put to work in the woods, at lumbering. Stumps, uprooted after trees had been felled, supplied the camp with fuel. It was in their collection and transportation that the boches employed the man-drawn carts.

OF the original prison population only one third remained alive behind the barbed wire. One hundred thousand had been sent out to work on farms or in factories. An equal number were dead, victims of starvation, disease, and the rifles, bayonets, and machine guns of the guards.

"What are we going to do?" Godfrey asked me suddenly.

"God only knows," I said.

Had we been facing the enemy at the front I would have known. Here I felt wholly unequal to the responsibilities of leadership. Throughout the remainder of the day I kept to the shadows, staring hard at my empty hands.

Until our arrival at Tüchel I had regarded the Red Cross as an ace in the hole. Now I doubted its ability to find us, lost as we were in a remote Russian camp.

I considered the Germans in charge of the prison, von Kronkeit especially. I was less concerned by his title and the trappings that went with it than his age. It had been my observation that the cruelest Germans were the old men unfit for active service. Boys too young to be sent to the front were a little more humane. All the guards who had come back wounded from the battles were surprisingly tolerant.

Next Week—

PRIDE

A story of life today

By

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Taking it for granted that the general hated us enough to kill us, I wondered whether it would be possible to win his respect. After our evening soup ration I called my party together. "Boys," I told them, "you know as well as I do what we're up against. You've seen the Russians fighting like dogs for scraps of food. You've heard them begging for mercy. You know nothing is to be gained that way."

"I'm still a sergeant, and you men are under my orders. Keep your teeth and mouths clean. Wash your bodies regularly. Keep your uniforms as neat as possible."

"Take the food that's offered, but don't ask for more. Don't show any weakness. If a guard mistreats you, do nothing until you report to me. I'll fight the battles."

"If the Red Cross reaches us with food, we may live. That's our only salvation. I'll do everything possible to get word to the Red Cross. That's all."

The men nodded slowly, putting their hands on one another's shoulders. I wondered whether I would measure up to the job I had allotted myself.

THE Russian occupants of the dugout had already crawled into their niches in the walls. It seemed out of the question for me to sleep. Nevertheless, I threw myself into one of the bunks and closed my eyes.

The lights went out. All the nauseating odors of which I had been conscious seemed to multiply themselves a hundredfold. Just above me a Russian was making a gurgling noise horribly like a death rattle. Others were snoring, coughing, and snuffling.

For a time I thought I would lose control of myself. Only the knowledge that the other Americans were depending on me kept me from breaking. The sleep that finally came to me was disturbed by ghastly dreams.

At last the lamps were switched on again and a squad of guards came shouting the familiar "*Raus, raus—komm!*"

They had brought our day's ration of bread and a can of synthetic coffee. The bread was neither worse nor better than the stuff at Metz, but the portions were much smaller, no one getting more than two or three ounces. The tepid beverage looked like the drainage from a stable and tasted like patent medicine.

"Auserhalb," the *Schildwachen* were now yelling, driving us outside.

Above, stars were glittering, but in the east the gray of dawn edged the sky. Phantoms of snow swirled over the grave-mound roofs of the underground city.

"This is Friday, January 11," said Grimbsley. "And it's a good ten below zero."

The guards were herding us away from the dugout, counting us as though fearing that some had escaped.

"Vorwärts!" they commanded.

Inside the main barrier, we could now see, was another square of barbed wire, divided into more than a score of blocks by entanglements twelve feet high and ten feet thick. Each block inclosed about a hundred dugouts. At every point of vantage were elevated machine-gun posts and powerful searchlights.

Our march was taking us toward one of the cluster of wooden buildings near the outer gate. An immense structure, I had already identified it as a delousing factory. We entered feeling somewhat relieved. It would require twelve hours to rid us of our vermin, so we could look forward to at least a day's respite from labor on the wood detail. Our spirits soon sank, however. Though it was scarcely warmer inside the plant than out, the guards ordered us to strip to the skin.

A single small stove was supposed to heat the place.

The floor was of concrete, cold as ice. The wind whipped through wide cracks in the walls. Russian prisoners began filing in. When they stopped I heard their perpetual sighing.

Then we were out of our clothes and shoes, dancing on the icy floor, cursing ferociously. One of the *Schildwachen* came along and gathered up our garments, doing them into bundles and passing them to the fumigator in another section of the building. I attempted to protest against the prolonged exposure which seemed inevitable, but he merely shook his head.

With aching bones and chattering teeth, we drew together for warmth, naked thigh to naked thigh. The scarecrow Russians were getting out of their rags. I was prepared for the sight of emaciated bodies; but they were living skeletons. The skin on their arms clung to the bones. Above their shrunken bellies their ribs stood out, distinct as those of mummies.

Black with filth, scabby and louse-bitten, they weaved back and forth, trying to hold themselves erect.

"That's how we'll be looking a couple of months from now," said Godfrey through his teeth.

In next week's installment Sergeant Halyburton tells of the murderous brutality of some of the guards to the Russians; of the life-or-death ordeal of the wood wagons; of his contest in morale with the German officers, which ended in their putting him in charge of all American prisoners; of his discovery that he had funds, was "rich"; and of a midnight attempt on his life.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

- 1—What is the capital of Missouri?
- 2—What country at one time was called the "Sick Man of Europe"?
- 3—What Constitutional amendment conferred suffrage upon Negroes?
- 4—Where is Madagascar?
- 5—Where are the three United States mints?
- 6—What is a shallop?
- 7—What part of a stage is the proscenium?
- 8—What is the sixth part of a circle called?
- 9—What are halcyon days?
- 10—Which is the off horse of a team?
- 11—In heraldry, what is a coat of arms called?
- 12—What is the highest peak in the Andes?
- 13—What is a yealning?
- 14—What are the four fundamental tastes?
- 15—In medicine, what is a placebo?
- 16—What mountains lie between France and Germany?
- 17—What are actinic rays?
- 18—How many signs in the zodiac?
- 19—What is a wallaby?
- 20—What is the pointed part of an anvil called?

(Answers will be found on page 44)

AN OLD-FASHIONED SQUARE MEAL

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Head Lettuce with French Dressing Whole Wheat Bread
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HURR

By

HELEN
TOPPING
MILLER



*Ahead, crosswise, through the banana tangle,
a white horse was approaching.*

(Reading time: 21 minutes 45 seconds.)

SHE was still quite small when her father wearied of fighting with her, and taking her to the door of her grandmother's old house in the country, grimly thrust her in.

Then he rode away with his iron-looking hat pulled down over his iron-looking eyes, and though Susan was twenty-four now, and had learned more finished methods of getting her own way than banging people in the stomach with her head, she had never seen him since.

Now and then a picture appeared in a horsy magazine: "Stephen Brandon, Famous Turfman, Visits Former Haunts." With smaller type explaining that Stephen Brandon of Florida was attending the Preakness, won in a memorable year by his three-year-old, Heart Flush.

Somewhere on a lonely island in the gulf, Brandon grew bananas and ignored the recollection that he had once owned a devil-ridden imp of a child with ice-blue eyes like his own.

Susan settled into the sweetish-bitter brack of her grandmother's life as a firebrand might have been plunged into bog water. She was dimmed but not quenched.

The grandmother, being a patient soul, sighed and found a solution of iodine, recommended for the prevention of apoplectic strokes. Sometime, she told herself hopefully, there might be found a young man with sufficient courage to marry Susan.

Young men appeared in numbers. Susan had a skin the bloom of magnolia, a mouth that could be tender as it was not Satan's own. Her hair had the dark, wavy that was the inheritance of the Brandon women;

she had slim hands and feet and long, guarding lashes.

Nice young men brought the atmosphere of ticker tape into the house; lazy young men hung about displaying their sunburned necks and golf scores; intense young men sat on the edges of chairs, their chins jutting with that cragginess that advertises that the owner is Captain of His Soul.

Susan tucked one foot under her, let her upper lip twitch and the satiric blue light in her eye play over them. The young men departed in legions. Susan bought some more dogs, some flat shoes, let her eyebrows grow.

"I wasn't meant for the domestic hearth, Angela darling. I like these lads to fight with—but imagine picking up laundry for any one of them on a million Mondays!"

Then she met Clarke Banister.

The grandmother, returning home from a meeting of the Daughters of Something, found him standing on the hearth, the longest, leanest, most amiably amused young man she had ever seen.

He had a paradoxical face. His eyes were mild and whimsy, and his nose was a challenging prow. His lips laughed and his chin was grimly purposeful. He had that priceless trick of wearing good clothes carelessly.

"This is Clarke, Angela," Susan remarked. "He's quite nice. He has illusions. He believes that the world is round and that little ships have sailed around it."

"I know it's round," announced this terrifically cool young man, flickering a grin. "I've seen my little boats coming in over the rim."

The grandmother was a little sorry for him. He seemed very nice to be impaled on the barb of Susan's cruel heartlessness.

That young woman lay back indolently in a deep chair. Her arms were behind her head; she was purring. She looked alluring and innocent and very, very sweet.

"And all your little boats come home?" Susan drawled. "Is it because you tie strings to them?"

Clarke Banister blew smoke amiably through his nostrils. "I set 'em free," he said, "and they know I don't give a darn whether they come back or not—so they come creeping in humbly. It's the chained thing that bucks itself to death trying to escape."

"My philosophy," Susan agreed. "Could you stay here a few years and educate Angela? She's a sweet soul, but her philosophy is archaic. How about tea, darling grandmother? We're going somewhere to dance after a little."

"Then you'll want to dress," suggested the grand-

ICANE

*The Story of a Girl Who
Danced on Dreams and
Finally Stubbed Her Toe*

SUSAN stopped dead still, looking sweetly dangerous in jodhpurs and a soft shirt rolled at the neck.

*Pictures by
ARTHUR D.
FULLER*



mother. "Run up while I ring."

The grandmother skillfully avoided reminiscence when the door had closed on Susan. She knew her young men. She had not been a famous Baltimore belle for nothing.

"AND what," she asked, "do you aspire to do—besides tying up little ships when they come tiptoeing in?"

"Yesterday I aspired to make money—and playsquare with a man who has been my friend," he said. "Today—I'm harboring dreams!"

"Don't do it," warned the grandmother. "She's a very destructive young person. She likes to dance on dreams and hear them crunch and tinkle under her feet."

"She's a bluff!" stated Banister coolly.

Mrs. Brandon looked at him analytically. "I think you've rather concentrated on ships, haven't you?"

"Also," he relaxed his long length comfortably in a chair, "on tidal waves, hurricanes, and other untamed works of God!"

Susan came down presently, imperious and lovely in black velvet with slashing touches of white, high-heeled slippers, and a hat that was a mere contemptuous atom over one eye.

"I didn't put the spider in Sister Veronica's soup," she announced. "It was two other people."

But Clarke Banister went on talking to the grandmother. He looked at Susan after a little, as though she were a nice little kitten who had strayed in. By that time Susan was blazing.

"I'm not going," she announced. "I'm taking the dogs out."

"Excellent idea." He settled back calmly. "Don't let them maul you."

Susan made a great show of activity, hunting out leashes and whistling through the house.

The grandmother's hand shook a little as she poured out tea, but there was an unholy gleam in her eye. She kept it well hidden.

He came back next day. He walked in without bothering to knock, hung up his hat, found a match, and consulting his watch, calmly set the grandfather's clock right.

When Susan came down, after an hour or so, looking sweetly dangerous in a knitted effect of fire-engine red, he was reading the paper with a lazy expression of superb content on his face.

"Have you unpacked your toothbrush?" Susan asked sweetly.

"Thanks, I couldn't possibly accept." He found a chair for her, dragged it to the fire, sat down himself, and went on reading.

There was a silence. Then Susan sighed. "I'm horribly bored," she said. "Couldn't we go to a matinée or something?"

"A contented mind is a tremendous asset," he observed, turning over the paper. "Why don't you try cultivating one?"

"Numbers of people," stated Susan acidly, "would be delighted to be here with me—and pleased to do whatever I wished to do!"

"Numbers of people eat eggplant," he countered, not looking at her, "but nobody knows why!"

Susan kept her hands in her lap. Her voice was low and gentle.

"If you like being rude to me, I don't mind at all. It has been done much better."

He was instantly contrite. "I'm sorry. We'll go anywhere you like. I like that dress."

"I like it too," Susan agreed quite meekly.

But outside she gave him a sharp glance of mingled hostility and suspicion. His car had a Florida license.

"I didn't know you were from the South."

"I'm from everywhere. My job takes me into all sorts of places," he replied.

"And what is your job?"

"I sell things," he said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HURRICANE
Continued from page twenty-five]

"How explicit! You ring doorbells and use your boyish grin, I suppose, to persuade housewives to buy dust brushes. Or do you beg young brides to subscribe for magazines so you can finish at dear old Goofus Tech?"

"You ask more questions than a coroner," he grumbled. "If you must know all, my grandfather left me the west eighty. I raise hay on it."

Susan sat back, narrowing her eyelids. The car, though road-worn, had once been a noble work. The engine ate up the rolling highway with effortless ease. The tires purred softly.

The thorn trees sent drifts of bitter-sweet fragrance down the wind and a long-tailed bird tilted on a bough and spun himself out in a thread of melody like liquid silver. The world was a young place, made for dancing in, where any fairy tale might come true.

The village theater had a blaring radio and a lurid poster advertising the current attraction. Susan eyed the display with distaste. "Let's not stop," she said. "Let's go on and find Spring."

They found a little hill. Dogwood and redbud were beginning to wash over the slopes in pastel beauty. The car rolled into a little lane and stopped close to a pond where water-lily leaves were green new coins on the ripples, and frogs sang a frantic, seesawing anthem of delirious delight.

"Cat-tails," mused Susan.

"Last year's," Banister lit a cigarette. "See how ragged they are? I used to soak 'em in oil and make torches of 'em when I was a kid."

"And where was that?"

"Louisiana."

"I can imagine the sort of little boy you were: Skinny and black and given to practical jokes; a friend to worms and the enemy of everything female."

"And you," he supplied, "were small and poisonous and as cold as a flint hatchet."

"You've been snooping into the family Bible. I was a howling little devil. I got what I wanted by any manner of means. I suppose I do still."

HE dragged a match along the box with a slow, ripping noise.

"You've never wanted anything real," he said. "You don't get real things by gritting your teeth and kicking a hole in the wall. When you want a real thing—really want it—you'll go after it humbly, on your knees!"

"Perhaps the thing I want will come to me—on its knees!"

His dark face was sardonic as he looked at her.

"If you want a thing—that crawls!" he said, with dry scorn. With a great deal of roaring and twisting, he backed the old car out to the straight road. The air tore past them.

Miles of expensive white fences sped by; stone gates and aloof, self-sufficient houses, sitting far back under superior old oaks. Susan did not speak. For some queer reason, she felt small and troubled. Something strange had happened to her.

She caught her tongue suddenly between her teeth. Most she had said, "I want you!"

Her temples hummed with giddiness at her escape.

She could imagine Banister's eyes, his dry grin, the snick of his voice. "And I'm expected to crawl?"

She laughed glassily, with the sound of icicles breaking up. But all the while a curious pain was burning behind the brittle shell of her heart, in a place that was cold and shaken and full of the slow drip of tears. The hurt enraged her. She hated being maudlin. She hated being unsure. "Take me home," she said.

Banister's profile was a challenging prow.

"I'm taking you home," he said, "and I'm leaving you there—till you wake up!"

Susan's eyes cooled again.

"I'm supposed to be unconscious then?" she mused.

"You're drugged with your own vanity," declared this terrific young man. "You think you've been cracking your little whip and making life jump through hoops and dance your kind of jig. And all the while life has been tearing past you, not even bothering to discover whether you were pleased or not."

"As a diagnostician," commented Susan airily, "you're probably very good at raising hay."

MR. BANISTER, snatching the car around a curve with a savage swing, so that Susan fairly reeled into his arms, gave her a look with murder in it.

"You're a fake!" he scorned. "You're a joke. You make up as a menace—and you're about as dangerous as a pet kitten! You kick over apple carts, watching to see if people are noticing your pretty ankles. And you're letting that devilish light gleam in your eye right now, so that I won't see that you are aching to cry. You're going home to write me down in your little book—just another fool added to the list of the slain."

"You exaggerate." Susan's tone was ice and fire. "You're drunk on your own ego. Even if I owned a book you wouldn't be in it!"

"No—I might not." They rolled down the slope to the Brandon house. The brakes wailed and the tires slid on the gravel drive. "I may not be in it—but you'll be in it." He made no motion to open the door. An unprejudiced observer might have noticed a grimness in the slash of his mouth, a desperate cruelty in his voice. The rushing desperation of a man who gets a bad job done with sickened haste. "You can write your own name at the top of page one," he went on, "and then you can throw away the pen. You won't write in that book again—you know, now, how like the devil it hurts!"

"Open that door!" flared Susan. "I hate you!"

"You love me," he corrected, quietly opening the door. "Go upstairs now and look in your mirror and lie to yourself till you're black in the face! Bang

doors and kick the cat. But you'll still be in love with me. And it will hurt like the deuce. You won't laugh at the hurt, as you've laughed at all those poor devils whose scalps you gathered. You'll cry. Go on in now, and begin."

"I loathe you!" Susan jumped out. The words edged raggedly into a sob, but her eyes were deadly.

She marched in, without hurrying, without looking back. She did not bang the door. She was too sick with wrath—and with this queer, agonizing pain. She looked at the white-faced girl who stared at her from the mirror. . . .



HE looked at Susan after a little, as though she were a nice little kitten who had strayed in.

The grandmother, having tea alone, looked up as Clarke Banister walked in. Dark was falling.

"Where is she?" he inquired.

"Gone," announced the grandmother, "to Florida."

He stood still. He looked slightly stunned. "To Florida?"

"She left quite suddenly—two hours ago," Mrs. Brandon explained. "Her father has a place down there."

"I know. I run it for him," returned Mr. Banister.

"He—sent you?" gasped the grandmother.

"Not exactly. I came on business. But he suggested that I stop—and see what she had grown up into. He said she was probably a crude little tornado who needed taming."

"So," observed the grandmother serenely, "having had experience with tidal waves and hurricanes and other untamed works of God, you rushed in?"

"I fell in love with her—if that's any comfort to you!" he declared gloomily.

The grandmother rang the bell. "You'd better have some tea. You look ravaged. I suppose you fought nobly—but bananas and little ships that come creeping meekly home aren't much help with a girl like Susan."

"I had to be brutal," he said wistfully. "You know how she is?"

"Yes," quite patiently, "I know how she is. They're exactly alike—Stephen and Susan. She won't stay long."

Clarke Banister picked up his hat. "Perhaps she'll stay," he said soberly. "It might happen."

"Don't tie up any more little ships," advised the grandmother.

He bit a cake in two. "No, I'll set 'em free. Free as air. That's where I erred—changing my system. Well, good-by—" He bent quickly and kissed Mrs. Brandon's cheek where a scallop of soft white hair touched it.

STEPHEN BRANDON'S island house was like Stephen Brandon. Winds blew about it and suns beat on it, and tangled rhapsodies of flowering vines cascaded over it, but nothing could change its white-plaster ruggedness.

The people who lived in it did as they pleased. Doors banged and the smell of coffee and old pipes and salty fishlines lingered in all the corners, mixed weirdly with the sweetness of orange bloom and the windy breath of the bay.

Boats putt-putting across to Sanibel and the other islands where tourists went, sent a wake clishing up remotely on the beach, touching the island thinly, as radio waves touched the taut filaments of metal and glass with reminders that a world still existed to the north, but nobody cared greatly.

There was a patio in the middle of the house, given over principally to dogs and saddles, and a buginvillea like a madder spray on the wall, and there was a terrace on the water side

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[HURRICANE
Continued from page twenty-seven]

also devoted to dogs and rusty horseshoes and a great ragged hibiscus that dragged its scarlet patens on the tiles. Until Susan came.

Susan dragged out deep willow chairs, whisking the dog hairs off the seats; she ordered huge floor cushions with gay stripes, to be stumbled over; she rummaged tea-cups out of cupboards, and prodded the languid, concave Negro manservant to tremendous activity, till the place resembled something out of a fifty-cent magazine.

"There's no point in living in utter squalor," she argued, when her father grumbled.

"Who invited you down here to share my squalor?" he demanded, trying to hide the fact that he had been touched at having her come, even though he hadn't been able to find his pet pipe for days. "I haven't got time to chambermaid around the darned house, with Clarke gone and this heat coming on three weeks early."

"Clarke?" repeated Susan sharply.

"He works for me," Brandon said.

Susan dismissed a slight uneasiness at the similarity of names, and proceeded to begin collecting young men. She did it doggedly, with white fire in her eye. She did it passionately, never looking straight into the mirror at the strange girl she saw there—the girl who flinched whenever she stopped to remember.

There were plenty of young men, though the season was getting late. They came in motor boats; they sailed the width of barrier water; they were all very brown and slim and interested. They lay about on the beach in vivid bathing suits, they drank tea on the terrace, beautifully immaculate in white trousers and expensive silk shirts, they rode Stephen Brandon's horses and smoked Stephen Brandon's cigarettes.

"What is this—a darn' casino?" he demanded.

SUSAN did not let her mouth twitch and a devilish spark flick in her eye. She did not polish up her cold, keen snickersnee, or let her pet lightnings blast. Something had happened to her. Her lips shook a little, but she dragged them into a gamin grin.

"You love it, Stephen," she accused. "Why did you buy three pairs of flannel trousers?"

"The dang' things shrink," he growled.

"Yes?" countered Susan, kissing him on the top of the head.

The young men escorted her to dances across the bay. They steered boats up dim rivers where mangroves arched their muddy knees and old ragged palms stood like tramps in the sunny marshes.

They brought her books from Tampa and Saigon mangoes from the south. Their talk was the superficial patter of Susan's world, and when they gave over glibness and sophistication and let their voices sink into meaning murmurs, Susan was somehow dull and somehow deaf. Stephen Brandon looked at her sharply. And secretly he grinned. But he went away for a day and came back with a white-eyed chestnut mare.

"Heart Flush—you wouldn't remember her, Sue—was grandmother," he said.

"Remember," Susan said. "I was ten. You put me behind a black fence and forgot all about me. I traded my doll with cherries on it for a ride home in a wagon

with a Negro woman and a lot of black children and white chickens. But Heart Flush won."

"Give her her head," Brandon advised. "They won't be bossed—mares like her."

It's the chained thing that bucks itself to death—

Susan rode down the island. There were little sandy roads slashed out, and off to the right and left the ranked monotony of great broad-leaved plantains, wind-torn and whispering. Here and there a mahogany-colored blossom. Here and there a bunch of fruit, half formed, like a weird, poisonously green tangle of demon fingers. A rabbit ran for the undergrowth and the mare danced a little. Susan tensed her hand, then, remembering, ran the rein free. The mare quieted and trotted on. Then she nickered softly.

Ahead, crosswise, through the banana tangle, a white horse was approaching. The horse bore a rider—long and lean, with whimsey eyes and a cheerful smile. Susan stopped dead still, looking sweetly dangerous in jodhpurs and a soft shirt rolled at the neck.

"WHAT are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I work here," said Mr. Clarke Banister.

"Indeed!" exploded Susan.

Mr. Banister's sober look did not change. His eyes were as impersonal as though she were a banana tree that had suddenly bloomed with black and white and scarlet.

"There's a gate farther on," he said. "If you want to ride farther you'd better take this key."

"Thank you—I'm not riding farther," Susan returned coldly.

She flicked the mare with the rein and rode away. The old rage was humming in her temples, the old ache was waking

in that secret place in her heart where tears dripped.

She saw it all now. It had all been part of a ghastly scheme. Her father had sent him—to humble her and break her and then laugh at her, with bitter amusement in his eyes! She lay out on the mare's neck, her blood running white flame, her body one shuddering mass of fight.

The green beacons of battle blazed in her eyes as she stalked into the room where Stephen Brandon lounged, half asleep.

He stared at her, calmly indifferent to the crackle of fury in her voice.

"What the devil are you yelping about?" he drawled. "Clarke? Did he come to see you in Virginia? He didn't tell me about it. What was he doing in Virginia, anyway? I sent him to Baltimore to sell bananas."

Susan moved away, getting herself in hand. She wouldn't let it be important. She wouldn't even think about him. She would be casual and remote. She would dance and walk and ride the sandy trails, and life would go on very brightly, as though nothing at all had happened.

She danced. She steered boats with her sleeves rolled up and the gold of the sun on her arms and her hair blowing in the wind from the Caribbean. She poured tea and trailed a gold-colored frock over the tiles of the terrace. She rode in the lavender-greenish dawn with a dazed young man from New Orleans.

But it was all hollow somehow. Like smiling into a mirror. Like calling down a well.

"I think I'll go home," she told her father.

"You might as well," he replied, without concern.



There were plenty of young men, though the season was getting late.

She packed doggedly. Then she pulled everything out and packed again. Grimly, certain that not a thing was left—not a scrap of ribbon nor a drift of powder on the dressing table, not one hairpin nor a book with the pages turned down.

She had seen Banister twice, remotely. Once driving out of the yard at dawn, with a minnow bucket on the running board. Once at night when the house was full of people and he had come to the door, tall and lean, wearing white flannels carelessly. Both times he had looked at her amiably, nodded carelessly, walked away without looking back.

Now she was going. With a beltful of scalps, with many pages added to that mythical book—where her own name would never be written—never!

She had conquered that hurt. She could laugh now. Ha ha ha! She tightened her fists and flung a defiant laugh at her mirror.

That little wail, deeply hidden, was her folly dying. Little idiotic thing—dying all alone. With nobody to weep and nobody to care. Laugh, Susan—ha ha ha!

If only this aching thing would not burst in her throat!

If only—

SHE pushed a long window open and ran blindly down the sandy path.

A lonely wind was wandering in from the sea, and the palms mourned with it, wringing their limp green hands.

In the hollow sky a wan beam went round and round, seeking for something that was forever lost. A ragged sob tore past Susan's lips and shook her from head to foot. She ran faster, her heels sinking in the sand, stumbling, breathing gustily, tears cold on her face.

Then in the dusk she collided headlong with a tall figure.

A man's hands held her, a man's strength set her upright.

"Susan!" cried Clarke Banister.

Susan stiffened, tense as wire. "Let me go!" she flamed.

He laughed softly.

"I hate you!" panted Susan.

He laughed. He held her closer.

"Do you?" he whispered. "You're sure—you're sure—now?"

"I loathe you!" struggled Susan. But the storm that had for so long been her wild familiar was blowing out. It blew away with sobby shuddering; it was washed away with tears. She leaned her head against his arm, and her voice came from very far, a wan, penitent whisper:

"I'm lying, Clarke. I do love you. And I was coming—meekly—on my knees!"

He held her close, his long body bent a little, lips close to her cheek.

"And I was coming—crawling back to you!" he said.

The lonely wind went patiently back to sea. And the pale light kept reaching for the stars.

THE END



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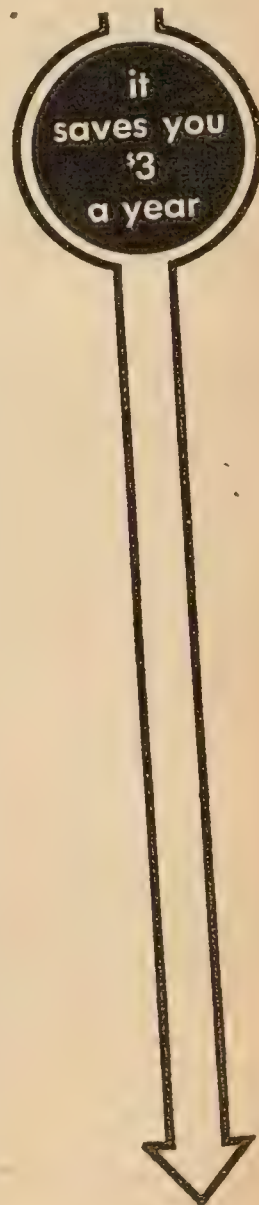
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Melvyn Douglas and
Greta Garbo in *As
You Desire Me*.



Greta 'FARA



Gene Raymond and Sari Maritza
in *Forgotten Commandments*.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 50 seconds.)

WITH *As You Desire Me*, the final film of her old contract, on view, Greta Garbo has said *au revoir* to Hollywood.

I have it on good inside authority that Miss Garbo is coming back after a short vacation in Sweden. I also have it on good authority that Miss Garbo is never returning and that she will never make another picture. On equally good authority I have learned that Miss Garbo will live in Berlin in future, making one picture a year according to her own whims and desires. Take your choice.

Personally, I am betting that Miss Garbo will be back. If she fails to return, it will be a hard blow to Hollywood. She has been making such tremendous strides with each picture, that she not only tops Hollywood in lure but in histrionic stature. I am afraid that she is the only artiste in Hollywood who takes her work seriously. It is obvious to any observer of pictures that she must give a vast amount of study to her playing. In no other way can her steady advance in acting dexterity be accounted for.

If Miss Garbo sails without announcing her plans, you can count upon it that the Depression, the Budget, and the Conventions will take second place in Great American Worries.

★ ★ ★ ½ AS YOU DESIRE ME CAST

Zara.....	Greta Garbo
Bruno.....	Melvyn Douglas
Salter.....	Eric von Stroheim
Tony.....	Owen Moore
Mme. Mantari.....	Hedda Hopper
Lena.....	Rafaela Ottiano
Baron.....	Warburton Gamble
Captain.....	Albert Conti
Pietro.....	William Ricciardi
Albert.....	Roland Varno

Directed by George Fitzmaurice.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This strange play of metaphysical subtleties by the Italian dramatist, Luigi Pirandello, will leave movie audiences considerably baffled. Yet it provides Greta Garbo with her greatest rôle and finest performance.

Most of the skeleton of the Pirandello play remains: An Italian army officer spends the years after the war seeking his lost wife, stolen during an enemy invasion. Believing that he has found her in the person of a mysterious Budapest cabaret entertainer without a memory—a woman who is bored with life—he has her taken to his rebuilt Italian villa, where he hopes to reawaken her lost recollections of the past. Just as he is assured that she is his lost wife, another woman, an insane wreck, is brought to him. Proofs seem to indicate that she is the real victim of the war.

In the original play Pirandello pointed out that we are as others see us, evil or good, as these minds paint us. In brief, you see a person as you want to see that person. The distraught husband sees his bride in the cabaret girl because he

*Her Last Hollywood Picture
Newspaper Romance; the
vamped DeMille Silent*

By FREDERIC

wants to see her. Pirandello's cabaret singer, transforming herself as the band desires her, was confronted with the problem: Did he love her transformed self or her natural self?

In the play you were never whether or not she was the real wife, she solved her problem by fleeing back to the cabarets and her old life. In the movie she falls into Bruno's arms, the question of identity being pushed aside by love.

The intent of the play is confused symbolism beclouded by the chance that Hollywood has thrown metaphysics on board in favor of sentimentality. However, Miss Garbo is completely absorbing and heartbreaking as the Strange Lady. She entirely rounds out the strange character of the woman, crushed by the futility of existence, who struggles to find herself and then to find herself.

Melvyn Douglas is wooden as the band leader, and Eric von Stroheim is sinister and vivid as the pathological Salter, while Owen Moore gives a sort of May James J. Walker version of Buffi, now called Tony.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

Garbo's WELL'



Kay Francis and Alan Dinehart
in *Street of Women*.

Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March in *Merrily We Go to Hell*.

*One of Her Best; Another
Other Woman"; and a Re-
Among the New Talkies*

JAMES SMITH

★ MERRILY WE GO TO HELL

CAST

Joan..... Sylvia Sidney
Jerry..... Fredric March
Claire..... Adrienne Allen
Buck..... Skeets Gallagher

Directed by Dorothy Arzner.
Produced by Paramount.

Another care-free heiress falls in love with another whimsical, scatterbrained, alcoholic newspaper man. The marriage turns out just as you would expect. You know the story. By this time Hollywood has come to tell it very glibly and oratorically. "1932 marriage—single lives—twin beds—triple bromides," is the way the advertising man tells the plot; but, as he further indicates, "love can cheapen as well as beautify." The film carries the regulation moral message.

★ STREET OF WOMEN

CAST

Natalie..... Kay Francis
Larry..... Alan Dinehart
Lois..... Marjorie Gateson
Link..... Roland Young
Doris..... Gloria Stuart

Directed by Archie Mayo.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Another defense of the other woman. The big, successful builder of skyscrap-

ers has a cold, selfish, unsympathetic wife who takes emeralds and diamonds and gives hard looks in return. In another apartment is the beautiful, sympathetic, understanding Natalie, who supplies the necessary inspiration. The arrangement goes along too smoothly for the scenarist, who causes the husband's debutante daughter to fall in love with the affinity's kid brother.

These youngsters break up the affair with the calm effrontery of youth, but the wife finally is persuaded to go to Reno, and Natalie begins redecorating the love nest.

I am afraid the whole story would be pretty dull if it were not so well acted by three people: interesting Kay Francis as the svelte inspiration, Alan Dinehart (former vaudeville comedian) as the suffering husband, and Roland Young as an understanding friend.

★ FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS

CAST

Anya Sorin..... Sari Maritza
Paul Ossip..... Gene Raymond
Marya Ossip..... Marguerite Churchill
Prof. Marinoff..... Irving Pichel

Directed by Louis Gasnier and
William Schorr.
Produced by Paramount.

This may start a new fashion in films. Around the Biblical sequences of Cecil B. De Mille's ornate *Ten Commandments* the movie makers have fashioned a story of modern Soviet Russia, with Hollywood's usual idea of liberty and license rampant while religion is trampled by the state. This modern tale is

so palpably false, so obviously manufactured to drag in Mr. De Mille's personally produced *Exodus*, that the only interest lies in the revived glimpses of the late Theodore Roberts as Moses and Estelle Taylor as an opulent Miriam. Mr. De Mille still parts the Red Sea as neatly as you part your hair.

As I have said, this may start a vogue in revamped revivals.

Do you know that—

Paramount is borrowing Clark Gable to play opposite Miriam Hopkins in a shocker called *No Bed of Her Own*?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma.

★★★—State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Night or Never, Hell Divers, Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith.

The LOST RACE of Grenada

*What Two Hundred Years in
the Tropics Have Done to a
Colony of Nordics Who Might
Have Been Our Forefathers*

By

CLEMENT WOOD

(Reading time: 20 minutes 55 seconds.)

SUPPOSE someone were to tell you that only an accident of geography had kept the Carters, Byrds, Lees, Masons, Fairfaxes, Calverts, and other resplendent Cavalier families of the colonial South from becoming a race of feeble-minded, not one of whom could achieve the humblest distinction in men's eyes: you would probably think the man who told you this was a fool. That was what we thought when a wise world traveler told it to us a few months ago.

We traveled more than four thousand miles to find out.

We found out.

Three weeks before we landed in St. George harbor, Grenada, we had attended a farewell dinner to a distinguished French-Polish explorer in New York. There had been five of us at the table, seasoned travelers. Somehow we got to talking about what the tropics do to the white man.

A curt-tongued British major, born a Boer, who had escaped death in almost every land, said emphatically: "If I had my way, I'd take every white man out of the tropics. As a place to live in, I mean. A white man cracks in such ovens."

The French-Polish count stared at him. "My life has been spent from Dahomey to Abyssinia. Surely the Sahara is as hot as your tropics! My men stood the tropics—"

Gloria, the one woman present, shook her head, eyes shining. "The major means *living* there. He's right. What we've seen in Haiti—and in India—"

The dean of us all, a queer wizen-faced adventurer who was more at home in Java or the Amazon headwaters than in his native Tennessee or any civilized land, lifted his hand. His words were few; but they were gold. We listened when he spoke.

"Go to Grenada," he said. "I found them—a lost race. The answer is there."

"What answer?" demanded Gloria. "We've been it seemed the quietest, least thrilling—"

"It seemed to stare back through years and across



oceans and continents. "The answer is there. Go to Grenada."

He said nothing more. We could not find out where to look, whom to visit, exactly what to look for. But we knew what his words meant. Three weeks later we were on the Nova Scotia when she dropped anchor, a cool March morning, in St. George harbor.

We remembered the final hint he had given Gloria: "Look for your Cavalier ancestors."

"I had none," she protested.

"Look for America's Cavalier ancestors. Their cousins are there. Today. See what geography can do: what the tropics can do."

Before leaving New York we had read every line available written about the island. There was no mention of what we were after. We strode up the clean streets of the little harbor town, and almost forgot our mission at the beauty of the place. Scarlet and orchid cascades of bougainvillæa spilling over the ancient walls. Strange fruiting female papaya trees, slim feathery palms, immortal trees just beginning to be frosted with coral.



"YOU live here?" I asked of the three adults. For a long time they said nothing. They were such whites as I had not seen.

Pictures by
J. HENRY

"We don't want to stir up your natives," Gloria laughed. "We like them."

We walked blankly through the town, hoping that some way would open. On Hospital Hill, by good luck, we met the doctor in charge, just in front of his cool tropical house. He at once invited us in to see the view and get acquainted.

"We hardly see a strange white face twice a year," he smiled. "It's a treat. Did you ever see such a view? That's Boismorice Point, way off to the left; the darker hill is St. Eloi. You can almost see to Point Saline, toward Trinidad. You must stay for a spot."

A spot, we knew, meant whisky and soda without ice. We stayed. We met Dr. Heard's charming wife, who was as pleased as he at white visitors. Wouldn't we stay for lunch?—this after I had begun to romp with the two little daughters.

"Just make our place your headquarters as long as you're here. There are only two bathtubs on the island, you know; we're very proud to have one of them."

We had decided to go at our search indirectly. We wanted to see every inch of the island, we explained.

Unfortunately, the doctor had to go back to the hospital. It kept him busy—the only one on the island. But his wife would take us for a drive. The roads were splendid.

Gloria laughed. "The captain on the boat said there was only one road on the island—and it ended up a tree!"

Mrs. Heard smiled comfortably. "People talk too much. They're fine roads."

"I suppose your patients are all Negroes?" I asked as the doctor left.

He looked at me oddly. "Only natives. You know, there aren't a dozen white families on the island."

I nodded. We had been told so. That was what we had to find out.

We started out in one of those American cars built for hill climbing. We were in the hills almost at once. The smooth dirt road zigzagged and letter-S'd interminably as we rose higher and higher. It was tropic jungle such as only a few of the Antilles can show: fern trees twice the height of the car; mahogany and monkey-puzzle supporting colonies of strange flowering parasites, some of them almost tree-high; thickets of heliconia, drooping flamboyant bunches of flame-colored blossoms; a thousand stranger sights. Not a village, all the way, except

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

And then, as we passed the first group of natives, we remembered. We peered eagerly into all the faces we encountered. Nothing. At the quaint hotel, after we had registered, I led the conversation tactfully around to the matter of the alleged group of whites. The natives were polite but very aloof. They had heard of no such thing. It did not exist.

We found excuses to inquire at various stores. We could get nothing—nothing but looks of distaste—out of the shopkeepers and others we questioned.

WELL, we had a letter to the governor of the Windward Islands. We found him a courteous gentleman who had been knighted for service in India, and who was now spending his sunset years tinkering with tropic horticulture.

Flatteringly we grew enthusiastic over his excellent show of orchids and other hot-land plants. His face crinkled with pride as he led us around. The island was ours as long as we stayed; if he could be of any assistance—

"To tell you the truth, we're down here looking up a strange group of white people supposed to be somewhere on Grenada. If you could—"

"There are only half a dozen white families on the island," his clipped words marched out. "Somebody's been pulling your leg. It's a queer place, and queer things happen sometimes. The natives are very content; we don't let anyone stir them up. It would be wiser to stick to the beaten track in Grenada."

[THE LOST RACE OF GRENADA]
Continued from page thirty-three

few clusters of huts. Not a white person in evidence. We saw two monkeys chattering at each other in one of the trees—mona monkeys from Africa they were, she explained, first brought over by the slave traders.

We browsed in the woods, and almost forgot our mission. Then we coasted down into Grenville, on the east coast. I excused myself, and made a few inquiries, keeping my eyes open. Nothing.

It was the same on the north shore. Mrs. Heard spun the history of the island for us on this leg of the ride under the shadow of Mount St. Catherine. Columbus had discovered it on his third voyage, and had named it Conception. Long before 1650 the British had received it; but they had not settled it. France bought it from England that year, and sent over colonists who were welcomed by the warlike Caribs. Then the red war, in which the Indians were exterminated. From the high perpendicular cliff above the town we were approaching, Le Morne des Sauteurs, the Hill of the Leapers, the last harried natives had leaped to death in the bay below. The high peak behind Qua Qua—that was Fedon's Camp, named after the Negro who rebelled against the English in 1795. They had captured it thirty years before from the French. Oh, and *they* had recaptured and held it for four years. They were really behind Fedon's massacre, in which even the governor was murdered. Since then there had been no trouble. . . .

In Sauteurs, it was Gloria who got out and looked for signs of the lost whites, with no better result. At Victoria, at Gouyave, on the west coast, I did my futile best. We drove on, crossed the Beausejour, whirled below several low hills, rattled over the bridge over the St. John's, and were back in the town. We had been around the island, and had seen nothing that would help us.

After dinner at the hotel, we consulted a map of the island's roads. We had touched all parts of it except the southern tip. Tomorrow we would explore that.

THE next morning, a Sunday, we explored the barren lands toward Point Saline. Nothing. The Government House was closed for the day. The best we could do was hire a car, swing south to Caliveny, then northeast to Grenville along a road we had not yet taken. Nothing. We came back on the road below Mount Sinai, and still saw nothing.

A race, a whole race of lost whites, somewhere on the island? It seemed incredible. An island one thirteenth the size of Long Island—and we would defy even a race of bootleggers to get lost on that island where we could not find them. Of course there were still the high jungled peaks between Qua Qua and Sauteurs; but it seemed impossible that a whole race of people could live there.

Monday morning I rose early. Gloria was still asleep; I decided to do a few miles on foot, to watch the island

Except for the town, I found it already awake. The tropics work in the dawn hours and drowse most of the time. Here were women and men coming out of the town. All Negro, except for an occasional Hindu.

Below me lay tiny St. George; behind me, the mountainous heights of the island.

I sat on a shaded rock beside the road, to rest from the arduous climb. And then I saw a man skulking along the edge of the road. He was coming toward me, uphill. I paid no attention to him at first: I had peered futilely into too many faces. Then his method of walking intrigued me—it seemed so furtive, so junglelike. He would peer from side to side, as if expecting an enemy behind every tree. He climbed closer. I noticed how much more disreputable his clothing looked than that of any of the natives I had yet seen.

Something made him sense that I was there, though I made no sound. With a quick startled glance he turned his face toward me.

The man was white!

At least, his skin was pasty, like sweating putty; his features were European, with blue eyes and hair a ratty reddish brown.

As he saw me, he shivered, dropped his eyes, scuttled past me on the opposite side of the road.

I must have blundered into what we were after!

I FLUNG myself off the rock, loped insistently after him. "Hey, is—is this the road to the Grand Etang?"

He turned and faced me craftily, with side-slitted eyes. His mouth gaped open, revealing his few jagged jutting teeth. And he laughed a dreadful low laugh, oddly disquieting. "Grand Etang," he repeated stupidly after me. A queer downward wide-mouthed grin, and he slipped into the bushes and was gone.

I looked around quickly for someone from whom I could find out something about this strange creature. No one in sight. I might follow him. But,

even if I could, it might mean a trail of miles. And breakfast would be ready soon, and Gloria expecting me. Reluctantly I turned back to the city.

She was as thrilled as I, when she heard. "I knew H. T. couldn't be wrong. But—how can we find them?"

Only one person on the island, the doctor's wife, had shown any willingness to talk. We were to drive with her this afternoon; we decided to try her. Meanwhile we browsed down to Government House and pored through the miscellaneous old reports and statistics of the island. Financial, agricultural, criminal, police reports. Nothing. Then I came across a discussion of the last census report:

Black	51,032	Oriental	2,692
Mixed	11,673	White	905

"Six families!" scoffed Gloria indignantly. "Brigham Young or Solomon must live here! The Orientals, of course, are the Hindu coolies brought in since 1877. But they're here—and we're going to find them!"

Mrs. Heard, that afternoon, listened without comment to what I had to say, while Gloria talked to her husband across the room. She would hardly talk. I saw her shudder as I pushed home the point that we had come two thousand miles to find out: was the whole trip to be wasted?

"It was a mistake to come," she whispered.

"You'll tell me," I cajoled.

She closed her eyes. "Go to St. Moritz."



*It was unthinkable to try to carry the body with us.
I covered it as well as I could.*

"Where's that?" I asked eagerly.

She would say no more.

Well, it was up to us to find St. Moritz. I did not remember the name on any map or chart I had yet encountered. They took us driving that afternoon, and it was not until Tuesday morning that we returned to Government House and went after the name she had whispered.

Gloria discovered it on an old English chart. Five miles only from St. George, inside of Boismorice Point, were two hills, Mount Morice and Mount Moritz. The higher of them was hardly twelve hundred feet above sea level. We must have driven right under them three days before.

We rented a car and asked the chauffeur to drive us to St. Moritz. He looked at us oddly and answered in some sort of half-French patois.

"You speak English?"

"A leetle."

"You know this Mount Moritz neighborhood?"

"I no go there. *Jamais.*"

"There are white families living there?"

"*Baccra? Beaucoup baccra.*"

"*Baccra?*" We were both puzzled.

"*Baccra. Blanc. White. What you weesh. Beaucoup blanc—plenty white there.*"

"Can you show 'em to us?" It seemed too good to be true.

"You see. I no go there."

BUT he swung up a road beside the Beausejour, and at length turned off a little road to the right. After a mile, casually he gestured toward a house we were passing. "*Baccra,*" he said without interest.

"Stop!" I ordered excitedly. "Wait for us here."

It didn't seem possible, so dreadfully run-down the place seemed. We stepped out and walked back, pretending a sudden interest in the flowers. Pathetic enough these were—a few straggly wild lantanas, and a ratty hibiscus bush a goat was nibbling.

The house was the most appallingly decrepit habitation we had yet seen in the West Indies. Years ago it might have been decent-looking; now the least of its troubles was a roof which had half sagged in and vanished. A few dejected palm leaves had once been stuck in to form an indifferent thatching; most of these had fallen in.

The poverty was abject—most of all in the faces of the two men and one woman half reclining, backs against the front of the house, bodies on the bare earth. Two unsmiling children stared at us from the weather-wrecked fence. The two dejected hens, the one mangy dog lying across the woman's foot, looked more human than the spindrift people. There was nothing Negroid about them; but they were such whites as I had not seen; not even in the lowest mill towns of the Southern states or among the Jackson whites of northern New Jersey.

"You live here?" I asked of the three adults.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY DID SHE CHANGE HER MIND?.. by Timmins



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NO MORE TURN-DOWNS!



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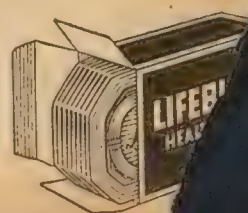
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[THE LOST RACE OF GRENADA] Continued from page thirty-five

They regarded me fixedly. For a long time they said nothing. Then the woman spoke, with a grin that opened her entire mouth. She could not have been thirty, but only two jagged black teeth were in her upper gum and none below. "Heh?"

"Do you live in this house?"

One of the men, apathetically chewing a mottled leaf, spoke without moving: "Yeah."

"Are you Mr. Smith?" as a sudden inspiration struck me.

After an interval he grinned queerly. "Nah."

"What is your name?" Gloria prompted helpfully.

The woman, the two men, had been staring steadily at her and her clothes since we came. The children had vanished without a sound. Finally the other man, never altering his gaze, spoke: "Searles."

"Have you lived here long?" I suggested.

"Were you born here?" Gloria seemed able to draw more out of them than I; for the same man answered: "Born here. Pappa born here."

I moved, restless: it was so ridiculously dawdling.

"What do you do—farm?"

"What do you raise here?" suggested Gloria.

There was no answer to these.

Off to their right was a tiny plot, slightly cultivated, with a few distressed-looking onions and lettuce plants. "What's this?" I stooped and touched an onion.

There was no answer.

Gloria prompted, "What is it?"

The woman giggled in nervous fright. "I dunno."

"It's an onion, isn't it?"

One of the men nodded. "It's an onion. Isn't it?"

WE got no more out of them. We went back to the car. The chauffeur, an ordinary Grenada colored boy, was staring briskly ahead. He seemed to have more intelligence in a minute than that family we had left behind us in a century.

"Plenty *baccra*," he commented without animosity.

"How many?" I urged him.

"Four—five—six hundred. Maybe more. All thees hill," with a wide gesture.

"They're white?"

He nodded. "*Baccra. Blanc.* White. No Negro here."

"But they seemed feeble-minded!" Gloria protested.

"*Beaucoup* feeble-minded. They know nossing."

"Have they always been like that?" Gloria insisted.

"When did they come here?" I urged.

He shrugged. "They always been here, no? No one knows."

We got no more out of him. We made him drive us slowly in and out the winding roads that circled St. Moritz. Usually the houses were isolated even from each other; at times,

two or three would nest together, or even a few more. The total was mysteriously appalling: everywhere the same imbecilic stares; the same premature aging, especially of the women; and, when they opened their lips, the same hideous toothless gums. Repeatedly Gloria and I tried to talk to them. They would agree with anything we said; but they did not know the name of a plant, a domestic animal, or that they lived in a house, or what a door was, or a window.

A colored postman drove up. Three of the Lost Men were standing before a half-fallen barn. Seriously they raised their hands in salute.

"But—they saluted him!"

"It is the law," the chauffeur said gravely.

WE halted the postman and queried him. He was courteous, intelligent, obliging; but he claimed to know nothing about the settlement. Oh, yes, they had always been here, people said. Bright? He laughed sadly. "Their children always have Negro teachers. They cannot produce one teacher among them. Not a carpenter, mason, or artisan. Nothing but farmers—such as they are."

At least he was able to furnish the chief family names among them: Greaves, Edwards, Chandler, Murphy, Hindes, Mascol, Bailey, Searles, Banfield, Bradshaw. I jotted them down carefully.

"But those are splendid names that have risen high in English history," I objected. "Wasn't it a Bradshaw who defied Cromwell inside the Roundhead Party? And a Greaves who lost his honors for his Royalist leanings? Many of these others—"

He looked at me, troubled. "Those are the names. I know nothing about the people."

The whole thing was faintly sickening. It made no sense. We had come to find a group who would show the blight of the tropics on the white man. We found more than half a thousand, a lost race, with names, as a group, more distinguished than any similar-sized group of white people in the English-speaking world. A race gone imbecilic. . . . Where had they come from, and when? And what had turned them into this degraded race of nitwits?

I confronted Dr. Heard with these facts that night. "Doctor, we came here to look up these people. We found them. Now you tell us about them."

"I know nothing, myself, about them," he said hesitantly.

His wife urged him to talk it out. At length he agreed.

"It's almost too tragic to talk about. I had Royalist ancestry. . . . One man on the island knows the facts—the editor of the local paper. He's in Trinidad now."

He leaned back silently, studying us.

"Have you ever had any of them as patients?" Gloria prompted.

"Of course. This is the only hospital on the island. They've passed

in and out. I can say something myself, there, about what made them this way. They're feeble-minded, as a race. Cause? I should say intermarriage, first of all. About five hundred of them came over, they say; there are about that many now."

"But—" I stared at him incredulously. "How long would it take a cause like that to operate? When do you think they came over?"

He shook a somber head. "Even with contributing causes, it would take two hundred years. Or more. That's my opinion."

"But that means—1731, or earlier!"

"It might mean Cromwell's time," he continued. "Intermarriage, first. Then malnutrition, as the scanty pale-straw-colored hair reveals. Certain tropic diseases, lastly. Hookworm. Yaws—the terrible frambœsia, or raspberry disease, of the tropics: a reddish fungous growth like a raspberry. And syphilis, which came from these islands.

"Lump 'em together and you get the St. Moritz whites.

"Living in the tropics—you might call that the major cause. Whites have never done it. Nowhere in the world, in large numbers, for a long stretch of years. Intermarriage, second. These two prepared the field for the diseases. There you are."

"When did they come?" Gloria stuck to this point.

The doctor looked dubious. "This editor scoffs at the idea that they came within the last hundred years, as police officers and gardeners. Some say that. I'm with him in this. There were no imported police in any British colony at any time. Patrolling regiments went home in a body. Gardeners would never have gathered together into a group like this. For there they've been, owning the hill, since beyond memory."

I LISTENED carefully. Perhaps the facts were coming out at last.

"England owned these islands until 1650; but she did not colonize, as far as the records go. France took them until 1762. The local story is that these people were captured Royalists, exiled here as prisoners by Cromwell. The milder Royalists were allowed to go to Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas; the worst offenders—which means the leading Cavaliers, the best blood in England—were exiled here in a body. I don't believe it—though it's possible. For many of the Royalists went to France. A large group might have come to this French colony and stayed here. Only the old records can tell; and they may be unavailable forever. In any case, they must have come over long before 1730.

"A few things are clear. They've been here at least two hundred years, to sink to this general imbecility. That puts them within the French period. But only one name, Mascol, sounds French, and it might have been Norman English.

"They came as a group; they've

stuck together as a group, and sunk as a group. That's all."

"They haven't intermarried with the natives?"

"That's a funny situation. The Negroes call them yellowlegs, *baccra* Johnnies, poor *baccra*. *Baccra*, of course, means white. For most of the hundred years since the slaves were freed, the blacks have looked down on them. They must have been far gone toward feeble-mindedness, then, in 1837. A rare girl among them has had a half-caste child; a rarer man among them has married a mulatto—never with the approval of the Negro community. The slight intermixture can be disregarded. With girls so feeble-minded, it was natural for the livelier bucks to take occasional advantage of them. But that's no cause for the condition. Why, they're required to salute any Negro in uniform—postman, policeman, or what not—and, of course, any Negro official. As a result, they salute most Negroes. Their teachers in school are Negroes.

"AND none of them rise out of the rut?" Gloria protested.

"They're peasant proprietors, most of them, owning less than ten acres per family. Perhaps half a dozen families out of the hundred or more show some glimmerings of intelligence—a small percentage. The children go to school with the Negroes; but they never win the prizes. There isn't even a primitive decorative sense in the whole group."

"Why, then, have a few families snapped out of it?"

The doctor shrugged sadly. "Put a dash of bitters into a cocktail and you improve its flavor. A little dash of outside blood—not necessarily colored. I see no other answer."

During the remaining ten days of our stay on the island a morbid fascination drove us again and again to St. Moritz. We missed none of the natural beauties of Grenada. We bathed in icy mountain pools, joyfully chasing the lead-colored crayfish and the scuttling red land crabs. But always we returned to St. Moritz.

If the wild story were true—if these were Royalists from troubled England, or even Roundheads fleeing a score of years later—what a light this threw on American ancestry! If the ships of the Jamestown settlers, or the Separatists or Puritans, had encountered one of the small tropic islands instead of the mainland, we—the descendants of those early adventurers—would be today like the Mount Moritz Lost People. A far smaller group settled Jamestown and Massachusetts than, according to the story, landed in Grenada.

The northern settlers etched their history across the whole globe; the southern group went unmentioned in even the amplest books on the West Indies or Grenada, and lived from day to day their vacuous and imbecilic existence.

The white man in the tropics. . . .

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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CHAFING
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INSECT BITES
PRICKLY HEAT
CUTS AND BRUISES
MUSCULAR SORENESS
NASAL IRRITATIONS
AFTER SHAVING
CRACKED LIPS



HAY FEVER

Successfully Treated by New Method

The secret of reducing hay fever attacks, and in many instances preventing them altogether, has been discovered by a St. Louis physician.

The reason some people get hay fever, while others do not, is that the nasal membranes of hay fever victims are SENSITIVE to pollen. Therefore, he figured, why not build up a resistance to hay fever—make those membranes stronger—less sensitive?

He tried many ways to do this and only succeeded when he was able to perfect beechwood creosote in a formula known as SINASIPTEC.

Thousands of people who formerly suffered the misery of hay fever, have already found Sinasiptec a genuine blessing. Actual letters on file from enthusiastic and grateful users, show this treatment to be a magnificent success. Right now is the time to start using Sinasiptec. Use in warm water in a nasal douche and bathe the nasal passages regularly. It will give your head a gloriously clear feeling. You will breathe with ease. Headaches and sinus "flare-ups" will become a rarity. And above all, you will be building up that nasal strength which staves off the agony of Hay Fever and Rose Cold.

All druggists supply a large bottle of SINASIPTEC at modest cost and guarantee satisfaction. Don't delay. Tear this out so you remember the name SINASIPTEC. Circular on request. © American Drug Corp., 2122 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

SINASIPTEC
(Pronounced "sina-sip-tek")



YOUR FACE IS A

NET

THAT TRAPS THE DIRT

YOU think your face is clean? Try this! Wash your face thoroughly the usual way. Wash it again.

Now rub some Pompeian Massage Cream into your skin, all over it. Rub it in until it begins to roll out. Pink when it went in, what color is it now? Gray! Gray with the grime from your pores.

Look in your mirror. Your face is really clean! Glowing with health. Your pores are breathing. Gone is the clogged condition that causes blackheads and blemishes.

Give yourself a Pompeian Massage regularly or have your barber give you one. The cream can be bought at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada for only 60c the jar.

The Pompeian Co. Sales Representative is Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE
POMPEIAN
PINK
Massage Cream

Liberty reaches

ONE out of SEVEN

Liberty reaches one family out of every seven with an annual income of \$2,000 to \$5,000. This is the biggest potential market for merchandise of all kinds—first in size, first in total buying power. No other magazine reaches as many of these families as Liberty! Liberty leads also in city circulation and in families reached per dollar. That's why more and more manufacturers are placing their advertising in

[THE LOST RACE OF GRENADA]

Continued from page thirty-seven

We made friends, at last, with one of the boys. He was called Little Bradshaw. He might have been eighteen, or ten years older—neither he nor his parents had any idea how old he was, or when he was born. He went walking with us several times—afraid to enter a motor car, of course; we never heard of one of the Lost People riding in one. Little Bradshaw seemed brighter than the rest. He understood me when I asked him if he knew what a boiling spring was, and said he would lead us to one. He did pilot us across the Beausejour, in the general direction of Qua Qua and the center of the island.

Here was the spring, sure enough—a hot sulphur spring. The stream joined several others; and since he said he knew the way, we let him lead us farther. Here was a marvelous pool, forty feet across, and almost icy cool. We went in for a dip, and the boy, obviously frightened but anxious to do what we did, slipped off his clothes and played around the shallows at the lower end of the pool, above the rock ramp where the water frothed down out of sight.

Suddenly—we had our backs turned and never knew how it happened—we heard a scream. We looked. Little Bradshaw had disappeared!

We swam swiftly to the spot, and clambered up the bank, looking down. A precipitous fifty feet of water frothing into a darker lower pool. . . . No sight of the boy. It would be suicide for either of us to tempt that fifty-foot cascade. As fast as I could, only my shoes on, I pushed my way through the lianaed jungle to the edge of the pool. He was not in sight.

I dived in. It took me half an hour to find the body. I pulled it out on the bank, and I and Gloria—she had joined me by now—did all

the first aid we could remember.

It was too late.

And we were in the midst of the Grenada jungle, with no idea just where we were. It was unthinkable to try to carry the body with us. I covered it as well as I could, and marked the spot; and, infinitely depressed, we started downstream toward the sea.

We must meet some people, or houses, or at least some road, within three or four miles.

It took us four hours to get to the road. Going through the jungle is difficult business: we had come off without even a machete, and my hunter's knife was not too effective against the mazy tangle. As far as we could, we followed the stream. At times I had to slice down a sapling or a huge bamboo shoot to use as a ladder, so that we could scramble down beside the tall, lacy waterfalls. Twice we fell in: We looked something like drowned puppies when we struck the road at last—never a house, never a human being, all the way.

Luckily, when we did emerge we were able to flag a passing cane grower's car, after we had trudged half a mile. We had him drive us straight in to police headquarters, and reported the death.

The grizzled colored sergeant

heard us to the end. "We don't have no dealings with yellowlegs," he adjudged aloofly—"when we can avoid 'em. Course he couldn't swim. None of 'em can. Well, we'll get the body. All he needs now is burying."

If that little 1607 expedition or the stout-hearted group on the Mayflower had been driven a little farther south to one of the Antilles, history would never have been the same.

A lost race of feeble-minded, instead of the owners of much of the world today. . . .

And this was what the tropics did to the white man!

THE END

Liberty now offers

\$100 to \$500

A piece

for Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Dead Men's Shoes

A Short Short Story

By MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

(Reading time: 5 minutes 25 seconds.)

ERNST WILBRAM walked down Fifth Avenue in the rays of the setting sun. Ernst was thickset, grayish, fifty; he wore a suit which had come from the hands of the best tailors. His keen eyes were blue and stared aggressively straight ahead of him. It was this keen gaze, partly, which had brought Ernst up from a shabby boy in Pottsville to his present high estate. He had made millions, only to lose most of them. Today he had come to a great decision: He had decided life was not worth living.

You would not have guessed it from his outward aspect. His shoulders were, as usual, firmly squared. He had a confident and assured air. As he turned into the doorway of the apartment building, just off the avenue, in which he dwelt, the doorman saluted him smartly. Ernst gave him a sharp, appraising glance. Yes, the fellow was a credit to the place in his plum-colored livery and silver buttons. Ernst was—or, rather, had been—a stockholder in the company which had built the Trenholm Arms.

He rode up in the elevator with that sick sense of futility deepening within him. He envied—envied—envied—the man in the street, the fellow who hadn't a dollar to his name, and so didn't know what it was to lose it.

Another liveried servant took his hat, and said in a quiet voice:

"The usual cocktail, sir?"

Ernst fairly shouted at him:

"No cocktail."

The man retired in confusion.

Ernst went into his own room, a masculine, rich affair, furnished in old oak and hung with fine damasks. He fumbled about in the strong box on the top shelf of his boot closet and produced a shiny pistol. It was loaded. He slipped it into his pocket, and turned, frowning. A feminine voice greeted him from the doorway:

"Daddy, aren't you dining here? I thought Hillis said—"

He crossed swiftly to her. "I thought you were out, Dana."

"Lord, but the girl was like her dead mother! It was uncanny sometimes. He said, in what he hoped was a light tone:

"I'm going out. Why haven't you gone? You said you were taking in that dinner dance of the Marchisons'."

"I was—I was just leaving. But there's a man at the door. I heard Hillis talking to him. He's a disabled army veteran. He's selling needles. And, daddy, the poor thing's shoes are full of holes. Haven't you a pair you could spare for him?"

Wilbram brought his mind back to the present with difficulty. He frowned. "How'd he get into the building? Doesn't anybody in this place observe the rules?"

Then he remembered suddenly. He need no longer be the great man, the king of finance. He, too, was poor. Nothing mattered.

The beggar might as well have his shoes.

Whimsically he regarded his golden-haired offspring.

"Wait a minute. I'll get you a pair. Size doesn't matter, I suppose?"

She smiled at him demurely. "I'm pretty sure yours'll fit him."

He stared at the rows of boots on the shelves. Riding boots, shoes for golf, shoes for tennis, patent leathers

for dancing, sturdy black shoes for directors' meetings. A line came to his mind and he rejected it: "dead men's shoes." He did not want to think about it just now. He selected a pair, russet leather, almost new. Dana clapped her hands.

"Daddy, those are fine! Splendid!"

On a sudden whim he followed her into the hall. The man who waited there, under Hillis' watchful eye, was young, tattered, thin, and threadbare. His eyes had fear in them.

Wilbram was gruff. "Here, boy, try them on. Oh, never mind—I see they'll do."

They made a strange quartet there, in the imposing hall: the serving man in his impressive livery; the girl, dainty in her flounces; the beggar; and the rich man. Of a sudden Wilbram's mind harked back to a scene of thirty years ago. Himself, standing at a gate, saying to a brown-eyed girl:

"I'll work hard. I'll come back. Wait for me."

How had he forgotten all that? He had been as poor, almost, as this poor devil. It hadn't, at the time, mattered. He had had everything. The world had been his when that brown-eyed girl had put her hand in his. Funny, how you forgot those things. Five minutes ago all the world had been stocks and bonds; now it was a simple affair; a bread-and-butter problem.

The man thanked him, and the door closed. Dana flung herself upon him.

"Daddy, I've changed my mind. I'm dining with you. Let's go to some red-ink place and have a dollar dinner."

His face changed.

"You'd be bored. I'm dull company."

His daughter flung her arms around him with a laugh that was half a sob.

"Darling, don't you think I know what you've been through the past few weeks? I've wanted so to help—but didn't know how—"

He stared at her. All at once he saw a rift in the clouds.

"Just a minute, then. I'll be with you."

Back in his own room, he fumbled irresolutely at the pistol, then put it back where it belonged. He shook his great head and shoulders as a mastiff does on coming out of the water.

His brief brain storm was over. That beggar chap and Dana had combined to show him a new way. He wasn't afraid of what might happen.

In the paneled drawing-room the girl listened tensely for his step. At the sound of his tuneless whistle and of water running in his bathroom, she smiled. She tiptoed to the hall door, where stood the erstwhile needle vender.

To him she whispered: "It's all right, Stan. He had it, but he's gone to put it back—I'm sure. I was scared. You will give Barrymore a run in your next play. How can I ever thank you?"

The young man gave her an adoring glance.

"Glad to have been able to help. Why didn't you just snatch it, when no one was looking?"

"Couldn't," she explained briefly. "He keeps the closet locked. But it's all right now. He lost that expression just while I was talking to him."

On her young face was the shining look of the

THE END





The Downright Wrongness and Perfect Rightness of Mr. Dreiser

CHICAGO, ILL.—For years I've been thinking things about the movies—and my thoughts haven't been flattering to the screen magnates, either. And, lo and behold, along comes a writer and puts my thoughts into words—more felicitous and bitingly apt words than I had at my command. Theodore Dreiser

tance in the production of pictures!

To quote him further: "I still believe that the movies can be artistic and at the same time successful."

Can we reconcile this sentiment with the failure of hundreds of "artistic" films which critics lauded to the skies?—*Leonard Alvin Hoffman.*

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The reason I didn't write this immediately after reading "The Real Sins of Hollywood" is that I went to the barnyard to get a couple of feathers to put into the hats of Theodore Dreiser and Liberty.

Bootlegging isn't the only business financed by organized capital that gets away with crime.

It's articles like the above-mentioned which move Liberty to the forefront of the leading magazines.—*R. S. Samuels.*

We Always Like to Learn Just Why We're Good.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Sensible stories and sensible articles for sensible people. That's what Liberty's editors are offering, in a magazine in which variety's the keynote.

Variety! Does any other publication put out a more varied fare? Political articles, sports articles, articles for women, controversial articles, articles about the younger generation. And stories of every kind, in every setting, that break out of the rut. Just don't lose courage, you editors!

Keep right on printing such good material, and the public will always back Liberty.—*Frederick Haddad.*

"Back to the Farm" Means Back

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE WEST—In your back-to-the-farm comments, most of those who criticize the idea fail to take in the meaning of the word "back." I do not see any sense in green men from the city going to the farm, but I do see sense in men who were born and raised on a farm and are keeping other men out of city employment going back to the farm, particularly when, in lots of cases, the men have the means of at least renting and stocking a small farm.

The high wages of war times took many a man to the city who would be much better off, now, in the country.

I am a sister to five husky boys who left the farm for city jobs.—*A Reader.*

Compliment (Two-Edged)

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Kinship," by Captain Dingle, was a truly beautiful and realistic story of an old man any one of us would be proud to call "father."

This story redeems Liberty for printing much slush.—*Lois H. Jones.*

Vox

About Mr. Smith, French-Fried Potatoes, and One Thing and Another

LITTLE NECK, N. Y.—I won't have these Vox Poppers razzing Frederick James Smith! I swear by his page, and find him right most times. Once in a while he slips, but usually his choice suits me fine. In fact, I don't go to movies unless he's given 'em three or four stars, so there! However, my thirteen-year-old son thinks he reviews too many German films.



Helen Diehl Olds

Mr. Smith isn't Liberty's only fine feature. Some of the short shorts have been swell. They come in mighty handy. I have French-fried potatoes the day I buy Liberty. Why? 'Cause I can put 'em on, read the short short, and when I'm through the page, the potatoes are ready!—*Helen Diehl Olds.*

Clean-Cut Critic

LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., CAN.—I know only one reader of Liberty who has no kick coming about your magazine. He met with an accident and had both legs amputated.—*H. E. S.*

Don't Be Mean. Go On and Save the World

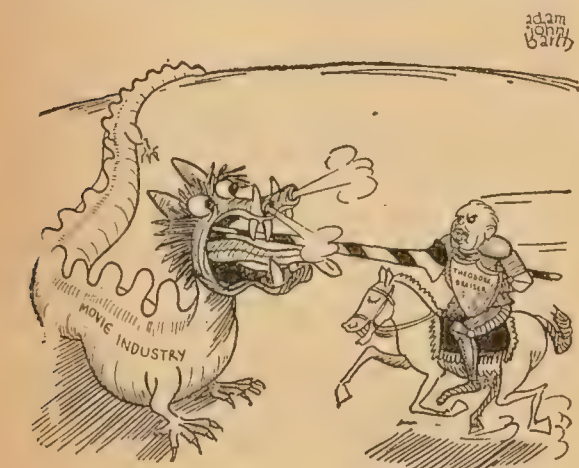
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Shame on me that I have sat back and read pieces by Vox Poppers, congressmen, and economists, all trying to suggest a remedy to prevent wars, when I knew the proper dope all the time.

To prevent wars let each nation pass an act requiring that each member of the war-declaring body, upon declaring



war, immediately resign and be forced to enlist as a private in the army—and there will be no more wars.

I would tell them the solution to Muscle Shoals, and how to balance the budget, but that would be imposing upon my good nature. I also know how to stop the panic and bring back prosperity, but I am going to withhold the secret until we Democrats elect a Democratic President, so we will get the glory.—*Leon.*



is the writer who put my sentiments on paper, and his article bore the title of "The Real Sins of Hollywood."

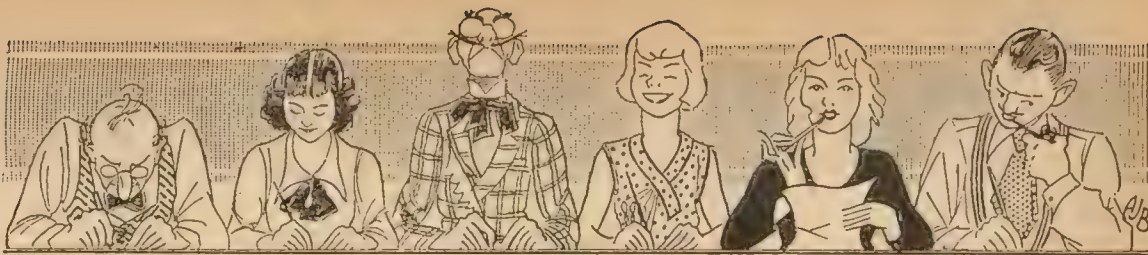
Mr. Dreiser is right. Completely right. It isn't even good business, let alone good art, for the movies to go on mangling and debauching the plots and characters of world-famous novels and stories. These novels have been loved wherever fiction is read. Even from a box-office point of view it is moronic not to make an attempt to film them as the author conceived them, instead of giving us an emasculated, wishy-washy Hollywood version. Hats off to Theodore Dreiser, the modern St. George, who isn't afraid to break a lance or a sword against the horny hide of the Hollywood movie dragon!—*F. Stevens.*

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO—So the movie magnates seem to Ted Dreiser but rank commercializers, and their standards of production do not quite match up with his? They make their pictures for the masses coarse and realistic, while he would like to see them more æsthetic and artistic? Does he expect that cloak-and-suit men, realtors and bakers, bankers, Wall Street financiers, or ex-buttonhole makers can spend their time and coin on Art and similar devices, and show pictures to a few highbrows at two- and three-dollar prices?

I am wondering if Dreiser would sacrifice, "for Art's sake," half his royalty or price.—*Ernst Altschul.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mr. Dreiser admits that motion pictures are a business and that "their existence depends on financial return." He then bewails that art is of secondary impor-

Pop



Is the Business of Soaking the Rich Good Business?

LA JOLLA, CALIF.—Your editorials of the "Let's Soak the Rich!" variety, portraying the trials and tribulations of the wealthy, are truly touching. We wept a gallon of tears over them. They are quite as touching, in fact, as the spectacle of Al Capone, on his way to prison, lamenting over the future of Chicago with him no longer in position to protect the people.

Wake up, Liberty! We are living in the twentieth century, and no longer swallow that sort of twaddle. At least, not all of us. No doubt you recall Lincoln's wise remark in regard to fooling the people.

Most of us know that profits are a hangover from the Dark Ages. We don't need them. The simple and only reason for production is consumption, and it



should be possible to eat and enjoy the products of our labor without first submitting them to the manipulations and incantations of a horde of parasitic votaries of an elaborate and intricate financial system.—Mrs. M. J.

CHICAGO, ILL.—It's the simple truth that we can't soak the rich and live—in a business way. We are, you might say, standing on golden legs. No use our trying to saw our own legs off, with the idea that it might benefit us. Instead, it would topple us into ruin.—Pat.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your editorial, "Let's Soak the Rich!" was real stuff! You ought to give your cover artist a month's vacation, and print that editorial on the cover for four weeks, in bold type.—David D. Tolin.

BURBANK, CALIF.—I have just finished reading your editorial, "Let's Soak the Rich!" I wish to say that, as far as the common class being able to soak the rich, there is nothing to it. The rich have money enough to keep themselves that way.

There is not one of us who would not like to be rich enough so we would have to play golf for exercise and be able to hire a caddie to carry our golf balls for

us, for fear of overexertion. It's hard (sometimes) for some of us to figure out why we can't get along without the rich.

Yes, we need them almost as bad as they need us. It wouldn't do for all of us to be rich. There wouldn't be anyone to fill gas tanks or replace broken lamp-posts, or say, "Yes, sir"—"No, sir"—"Very well, sir."

Who could imagine a very rich man getting up in the morning and finding his own pants? Or pumping a balloon tire full of air? Yes, we need each other. The rich man to give us a job, and the poor man to find the rich man's pants for him.—Harry Jay Nickels.



Harry Jay Nickels

HARRISBURG, PA.—I read your editorial, "Let's Soak the Rich!" That is the most sensible article I ever read. Capital needs labor and labor needs capital and they should get along better. I am a laboring man myself and I have all the respect in the world for my employer.—Guy W. Irwin.

A Woman's as Old as Her Mind

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I hope that I may be forgiven for taking the liberty to chuckle up my sleeve at Jennifer Lee's article, "Women of a Certain Age."

First let me say that we're glad to know that Jennifer has had a sort of summer-camp-meeting change of heart, and is duly resigned to the awful fate of being forty.

And now, lead on, Macduff, to the hushed confession that I myself have reached the pitiful (?) age of thirty-seven and should be starting at least to tear my hair, search my mirror, and wistfully sigh in regret for a lost youth. The "tragedy of lost youth" Jennifer calls it. Piffle!

A clever woman is never old, because a clever woman wants to be more than a bisque doll for a chronically adolescent-minded man to gape at.

If a man can't admire more than mere physical charm, however potent, his admiration isn't worth a nickel-plated darn.

Why, in heaven's name, should a woman regret being no longer a callow, inexperienced twenty?

Does one regret having been weaned from the milk bottle to solid food?—Margaret Stevens.

Why, Clarence!

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—I appreciated, immensely, that story by Elliott W. Springs and Cornelius Bull, "The Blue and the Gray and the Khaki."

Tell Springs and Bull to spring some more bull on us.—Clarence A. Lloyd.

Vetoed. We'll Never Go Back on the Hog Callers

CANTON, OHIO—Three cheers for Robert Benchley! At last, in "Defying the Conventions," he has given us an article that I can understand perfectly.

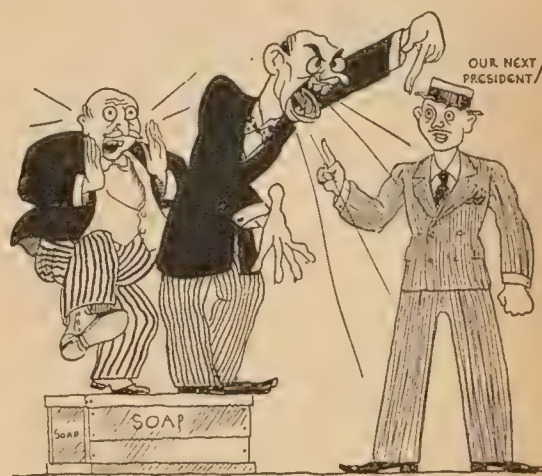
I'm sure the readers of Liberty will give Mr. Benchley a vote of thanks for clearing up a political situation which, to most of us, has always been a trifle hazy.

Now we can see with crystal clarity just how our Presidential candidates are nominated.

I'd like to suggest another scheme—one for electing our President. It's one which, I believe, would simplify matters a great deal more—one in which the public could also enter into the fun and spirit of the thing, instead of only the delegates and reporters.

Since marathons seem to have come back into vogue, why not a shouting marathon to determine who shall be the next President of the United States? The idea is this: The President shall issue a proclamation to the people, announcing the day on which the marathon shall start. Then everyone shall begin to howl and yell, the person howling the loudest and longest automatically becoming our next President. This contest to be open to everyone except hog callers and congressmen, they being professionals in this line, and therefore having an unfair advantage over the rest of us.

The winning candidate would be well fitted for the high office of President,



for the training he would get in the marathon would build up his constitution so he'd be in fine fettle to deliver his inaugural address.

And then (to prove that this scheme is almost perfect) the rest of us, after having the din of the marathon beating upon our eardrums for weeks, would be so deaf that we wouldn't have to listen to the address.—Charles T. Schrader.

Moral: He Had No Horse Sense

DETROIT, MICH.—Disgusted dealer here today swapped 500 copies of Liberty for a horse; and then shot the horse! Moral?—Patrick J. Ma...

Those SHADY BABY CONTESTS

A Peep Behind the Scenes of the Peek-a-Boo Racket

By W. H. (BILL) RICE

(Reading time: 12 minutes 55 seconds.)

IT was in the last fifteen minutes of a baby contest at Fresno that I saw her, a pale woman with stark fright in her eyes. Her hands writhed. Her hair was disarranged. She looked about her like an animal at bay.

I usually leave a baby contest during its last moments. Disagreements break out, women accuse one another and the management of crookedness. Often there is actual fighting. For, if you must know, a baby contest, even in its most comical moments, is not really a contest, but a sort of gambling game in which a mother seeks to win popularity and money for her child by contributing more money to the till than any other contestant.

The details must come later. My mind is on that woman. I never have forgotten her face. She became more distraught as the bulletin board showed the varying standing of the entrants. Now her baby was ahead; now it was down to third place. She hurried away, to return with an envelope containing money, presumably in payment for tickets she had sold for the Great Cause.

At last it was all over. Suddenly she cried out:

"I've won second place! Second place!"

She became hysterical. I got her outside. Finally I calmed her and gained her story. She had risked even her marital happiness on that contest. She had taken her household funds, pawned jewelry and used her savings, all in the wildness of her desire to win a Cash Popularity Prize for her baby, plus the inevitable loving cup. That second prize allowed her to pay back what she had diverted. Her work had gone for nothing—and her agony.

Until that night I had looked upon baby contests wholly in their comical aspect—and they are funny. Women of the peculiar mental set-up which makes them willing to pull hair in a baby contest cannot help being funny, even when one knows they are being "gimmicked."

Mothers with greed, ego, a desire for prestige, or a natural gambling instinct often form the backbone of the contestants. Many go into one contest often after another. And some, of course, get into it innocently, as was the case with the woman in Fresno.

Briefly, a "gimmicked" baby contest is this: A fraternal or business or municipal organization needs money. It hires a promoter to put on a baby contest, the profits to be split evenly between them. There is to be a cash prize for the Personality Baby, or the Radio Baby, or whatever lure is held forth. There is also to be an entertainment. Presumably the woman who sells the most tickets to the entertainment gets the prize for her baby. In truth, it is the woman who turns in the most money—whether for tickets or not—who wins.

As the first "come-on" there is a free, hundred-percent baby examination. Children test high in these days of general health. The mother takes her child to the clinic, where it is measured according to standard charts. Naturally the mother is pleased at a good record. As she starts to leave she meets a pleasing young woman in nurse's uniform who asks if she wouldn't like to enter her offspring for the Great Personality Baby Contest to be conducted as the main feature of the charity ball and carnival given by the Ancient Order of Eohippus.

And of course there is a real opportunity for making money. The baby will be judged on points. With the sale of every ticket to this event, the baby will be credited with so many points. In addition to the First Capital Cash Personality Prize and Four-Foot Loving Cup, there will be other prizes for lesser winners. Besides, there are 1,000 extra points if Pretty Baby gets high place in any of the various classes. And in case of a win, first place means 5,000 additional points; second place, 3,000; and third, 1,000. That all helps, for the Great Personality Baby must have more points than anyone else.

Thus the race is on. It is not a contest for babies; it is a sales and donation contest for mothers—and often fathers. For instance, several years ago I was mixed up in a newspaper-circulation baby contest in a Western city. This time the mothers were selling subscriptions with a chance for a Prize Baby and money in the pocket at the same time. They could take subscriptions to the paper on a basis of fifty cents a month, one dollar for two months, and five dollars for a year. However, the books of tickets which were passed out contained fourteen fifty-cent subscriptions, worth seven dollars. The first prize was \$1,000 in gold. Every seven dollars' worth of subscriptions was worth 1,000 points. Out of that seven dollars the mothers could take a commission of two dollars. It was rarely taken. When one empty subscription book was turned in for another, the money was passed out, followed by the exciting news that if the mother cared to turn in that two-dollar commission also, she could have 600 additional points.

FRENZY developed. The final week arrived. The promoters sent out envelopes with a request that the mothers go among their friends and ask them to vote for Pretty Baby, that she might be Queen. They need only put in a penny—one cent got two votes; one dollar, 200.

So the women stopped selling subscriptions. The newspaper didn't care—it was taking half the profits. Then came the last night.

Counters were opening the envelopes or taking subscription books. A band played. An outcry went up with every change on the bulletin. Mothers hurried to the telephone to get more money. Neck and neck, two children were running for first place; there was five minutes to go. Suddenly a mother whose baby was in eighteenth place sized up the bulletin board.

She had put in about \$300, all for legitimate subscriptions. The others were about \$400 ahead of her and scrambling now for fifty-cent pieces to buy a month's subscription. The mother of the lowly contestant rushed to a telephone and called her father. He hurried for the office, and came running through the door, a gray-bearded man of about sixty. There was only a half minute to go.

"Give me a two-hundred-year subscription!" he shouted. That meant \$1,000 and hundreds of thousands of points. Baby Contestant Number Eighteen jumped so far into first place he ran into the fence. He was the Great Personality Baby, and it hadn't cost his mother a cent. She paid her father back with that \$1,000 first prize and started to get out of the building.



Picture by
HUBERT MATHIEU

But a riot was on by that time. The two who had been running neck and neck got into a fight. That started a general rumpus. Dresses were torn, hair pulled, desks knocked over, faces scratched.

Finally a riot call went in to the police, and thus another baby contest was over.

As for that \$1,000 subscription, such things are not unusual. I remember my first contest. It was in Michigan. I was new in the business and I needed money. The envelopes were coming in and the committee was opening them. I was leaning back in my chair—on the two rear legs, to be exact. I opened an envelope.

It contained a \$1,000 bill. I'd never seen one before. Suddenly I went faint, and fell over backward. The committee picked me up from the floor.

"What's the trouble?" they asked. "Sick?"

"Sick my grandfather's pet duck!" I answered. "I just happened to think that half of that belongs to me!"

That thousand dollars had a past and a future. The two babies in the lead belonged respectively to an exceedingly snooty family and to a contractor who had worked up to riches from a red shirt. The snooty family had walked over him with every possible type of spiked shoes. It was his thousand-dollar bill, and his baby won the prize. There's been a feud in that town ever since.

Foolish? Of course it is foolish. Anyone who tries to get something for nothing is always foolish. The best

WOMEN willing to pull hair in a baby contest cannot help being funny, even when one knows they are being "gimmicked."

and prettiest and most personable baby in town cannot be decided by a mere ticket-selling contest. After all, most of the gaffs and gimmicks of life succeed because persons refuse to think for themselves. For instance, there's a baby contest called A Trip to Hollywood.

The only lure in A Trip to Hollywood is the belief tucked away in an aggressive mother's mind that her child, if only given the opportunity, could outact any baby in Hollywood. Besides, in spite of all the mother songs, there are actually parents who think of themselves. A movie job would be great for "the kid." It would also be lovely for the mother and father.

As for the promoter of A Trip to Hollywood, he makes no direct promises of anything but the trip. He merely guarantees that on the morning of the contest-winner's arrival in California with her young movie aspirant, the baby's picture will be in one of the Los Angeles papers and that, following this, they will have two free trips through a Hollywood motion-picture studio. This is easy to arrange. Advertising is cheap; the child's picture appears, together with the announcement that

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

Effie Whoofus, who won the Sweepstakes Baby Championship of Goofus County, Illinois, is actually at last in Hollywood. The studio trips are obtained through a picture press agent. And the mother goes home to burn out her heart for years thereafter because not a director has swooned at the motion-picture possibilities of her youngster.

Her belief that the child had a chance in the pictures has all been imagination. The promoter has done no more than remind her that the picture industry is looking constantly for new faces, that Baby So-and-so's salary is \$5,000 a week, and look at Jackie Cooper. Immediately an eager mentality has supplied the rest.

You see, a woman—or a man—seems to lose balance when competition arises. I've seen thousands of mothers under those conditions. Once I saw several hundreds of them at a very bad moment.

It was a Radio Baby Contest in California. I'd been busy somewhere else, as I usually am, and had left all the final details to an assistant. Finally I looked at my watch and decided to go uptown. The last fifteen minutes, with all its shrieking and protests, should have been over at least a half hour before.

The minute I got there I knew I'd made a mistake. That place was crowded with women and babies. I ducked my head and started to walk past, quick. But just then a man shouted:

"There he goes! That's him! That's the head man in this robbery!"

I stopped; already uniformed men were on every side. They were firemen—this was a Firemen's Benefit. They forced me into the hall.

"Why aren't you paying off?" one of them asked. That was joined by a chorus of women's voices above an obbligato of children's wails. I gulped. My assistant had that money. He and a deputy fire chief had been the committee to do the paying off—and they hadn't appeared.

After a long time, coatless, hatless, and with my collar over one ear, I worked my way to the door and made a quick sprint for police headquarters. We found neither of the men; they had both left town with all the money, the prize gold, the Firemen's Fund and mine too. I dug deep, and paid for those prizes and loving cups. I also chased that assistant for three years. At last I got him a somewhat permanent address—San Quentin Prison.

INCIDENTALLY, those loving cups are nothing shoddy. They are the same type that one sees proudly displayed on the mantelpieces of golf and fishing hounds. The average cheap golf cup costs about a dollar. The really expensive part is the engraving. Contest promoters neglect that. The mother of the baby-contest winner has the engraving done—just the way she wants it to impress the neighbors properly. As for the cups themselves, they're of pewter with a gold lining.

The biggest cup I ever donated was nearly six feet tall and sparkled like a lighted cathedral. It cost me twenty-eight dollars, including the engraving.

From all this, it would seem that baby contests are a form of gold mine. The opposite may be true. Weather, financial conditions, factories which suddenly shut down—all these things sometimes mean more outgo than income. On the other hand, intake from contests have run well into the \$100,000 class, and many gross \$20,000 or \$30,000. There are several hundred each year in the United States. If anything goes wrong, the promoter is always blamed—though the

sponsors always take half the profit. Once, I remember, they tried to take it all.

It happened in the Middle West. The mayor and his crowd were not exactly high-minded. I had come into town with a street fair, in answer to their invitation. We were to have the main square of the town, with merry-go-rounds, Ferris wheels, and other rides, to say nothing of the various merchandising wheels which accompany a carnival.

On the side, through another promoter, I was also running a baby contest, in which the mayor and his pals were to be the judges, distribute the prizes, and get half the money for what was known mysteriously as "the Fund."

The contest had started long before and was at the finish line. That amused me not at all. The minute I'd gotten set up on the main square, according to the committee's promise, the police made me move. Then they slapped a license fee of \$100 apiece on every one of my thirty merchandising wheels. There I was, with \$4,000

tied up—\$1,000 which I had deposited as insurance for the payment of the Popularity Baby Prize and the \$3,000 license money. More than that, the minute the committee had the license fees, they made the concessions shut down and told us to get out of town.

I went to the mayor.

"WELL, you robbed us of three thousand dollars," I suggested. "We're supposed to be on a fifty-fifty basis. Do I get half of it back?"

"Go to hell," he snorted. Instead, I hunted up my baby-contest promoter. The women were already gathering before a big platform for the prize awards. The mayor was to distribute the checks. I said to my contest man:

"How's this jack put away?"

"You mean the contest money? It's all in a joint account. Either the mayor or myself can sign the check."

So I told him what had happened. There was \$4,000 and fifteen cents in that account. We drew it all out. Soon after that the mayor made his big speech from the platform and then wrote the first check.

That woman was in a hurry for her money. She ran to the bank. The teller shook his head.

"Sorry, madam. That account's just been closed."

Out of the bank she went and back to the celebration, waving that rubber check.

"Your check's no good!" she shouted to the mayor. "Your old check's not worth the paper it's written on!"

By that time a dozen other checks were out. A dozen other mothers ran for the bank, and they all returned. Some of them climbed on the platform, clawing wildly at the frightened mayor. Policemen pushed them back; they came on anew. Here and there, sporadic fights broke out—women scratched and shrieked at each other, merely as an expression of their hysteria. The committee members tried to sneak away.

They were caught, dragged back into the mob, and shoved about like a new player in a football game. Sirens sounded. More police arrived. The fire department rolled to the scene. Finally the riot was quieted.

My train was pulling out—in accord with the previous command of the committee. We sat by a window. Faintly we could hear the bawling voice of the mayor as he announced that he and his confrères would pay every cent out of their own pockets.

My assistant lit a cigarette.

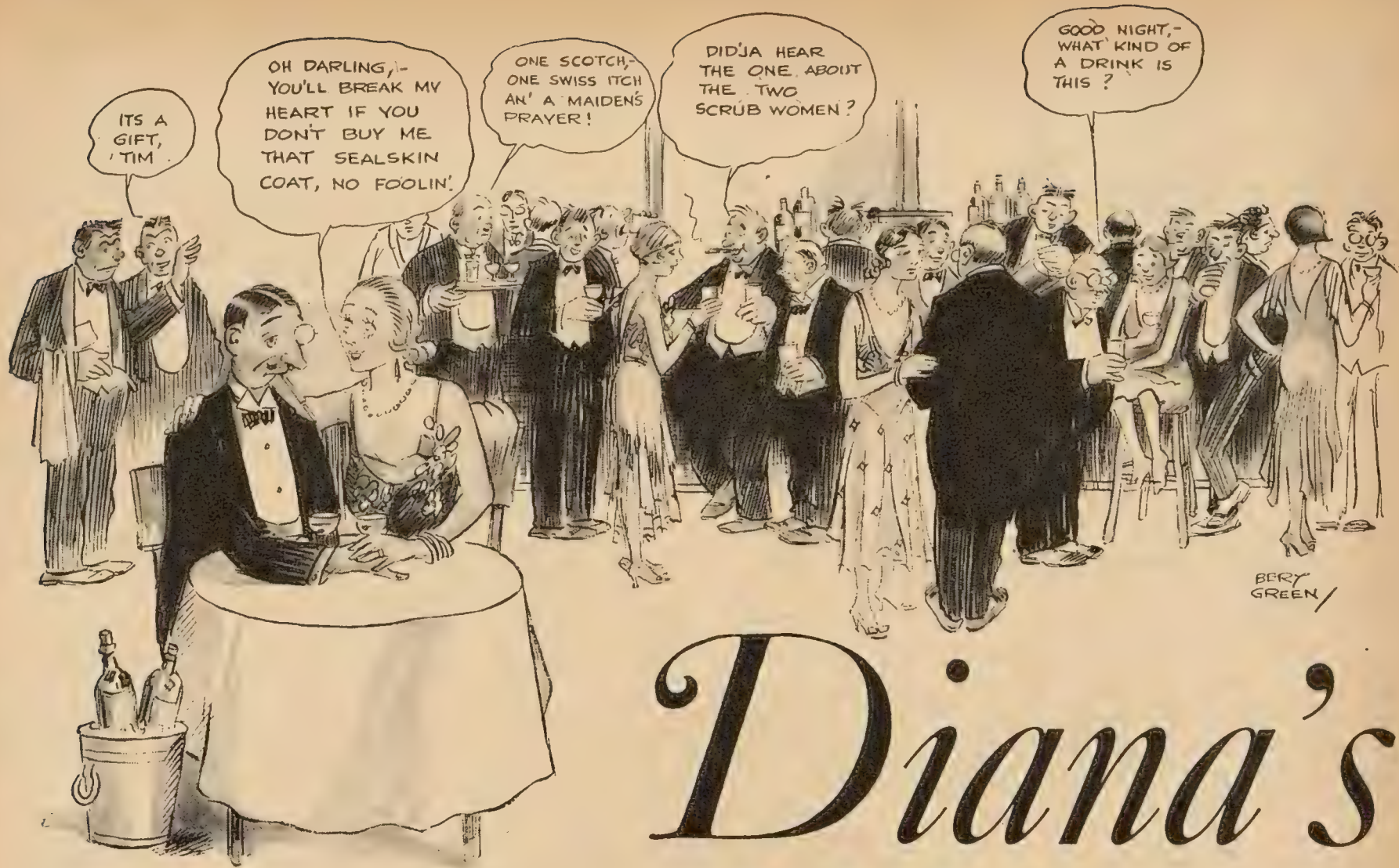
"It's only show folks who are crooked," he said after a time.

THE END



ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1—Jefferson City. | 10—The one on the driver's right. |
| 2—Turkey. | 11—Blazon. |
| 3—The fifteenth. | 12—Mt. Aconcagua. |
| 4—Off the southeast coast of Africa. | 13—A lamb or a kid. |
| 5—In Denver, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. | 14—Acid, bitter, salt, sweet. |
| 6—A light open boat, used chiefly on rivers. | 15—A prescription given merely to satisfy a patient. |
| 7—The part in front of the curtain. | 16—The Vosges. |
| 8—Sextant. | 17—The ultraviolet rays of the spectrum. |
| 9—Periods of tranquillity and peace. | 18—Twelve. |
| | 19—A small kangaroo. |
| | 20—Horn. |



I've seen some snooty drinking palaces before, but this one was the bug's spectacles.

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

Diana's Diary

More Beauties Appear to Gum Up the Contest

(Reading time: 7 minutes 25 seconds.)

MONDAY: Good Crimps, ever since the Tab printed my picture in the Beauty Contest, I've been kidded silly. People I haven't seen for ages are either buzzing me on the phone or writing me notes. Not only that, but every Thomas, Richard and Harry that barges into the barber shop begins popping off about it. Each one packs a hot line of oil and a different way to spray it, but it rolls off me like a duck. The joke of it is, I'm busier than a one armed lush with the leaps because the customers are beginning to stand in line. If advertising don't pay—you tell me one.

Any dame that tries to tell me you can't make the grade without being necked and mawled is oofegay. I may get into some tough spots sometimes, but I always crawl out without giving in.

TUESDAY: Oh! I had a terrible row with Marion this P. M. She was burnt up cause I didn't tip her off about the Beauty Contest. When she lamped my photo in the Tab, she did an Albertina Rasch into my apartment in nothing flat. Oh, and was she sizzling! "Hey, listen here Cutie," she went off throwing me the write-up. "Why the deep dark secret? It's a wonder you wouldn't wise me up about the big flash. Whatye tryin to do, uptown me or somethin? Where the hello do you get off to grab all the Paris dry goods?"

Well, so shoot me Thaw, you could've knocked me down with a shovel, I was that surprised. I faded her with one glance. "Who are you," I asked, "to be putting me in the steam room? If I choose to crash the front page dressed like Tashman, it's none of your darned business!! How do you like that?"

"It's okay by me," she said, throttling herself down, "but why the silence?"

"Silence my eye," I gasped, turning on the ice. "If you'd use your bean instead of trecking round with low pitch sculls that bust balls in pool rooms, you'd click too—get me? If you think I'm content to struggle through life in this ten cent carton and bath, you're imbecilic. I'm out to make a name for myself, and that goes!" Anyway, one word rented another and the first thing I knew, we were all but throwing the radio at each other.

Before the evening was over, I felt sorry for her Diary. When she began looking those beautiful gowns over, that Mr. Fishbaum gave me for the Beauty Contest, my heart just went right out to her. Marion craves clothes like a spider craves a fly, so what did I do but *give* her the black transparent velvet one and now we're clubbier than two Scotchmen in a gift shop.

WEDNESDAY: Got a note from Teddy Brown, the sports writer on the Tab:

THE NEW YORK TAB
Editorial Office

DEAR DIANA:

Hey, ever since we started this darned Beauty Contest business, the joint's a mess—a toss-up between a casting office and a bargain basement. No foolin', the frails get your hair. Every elevator brings a load of 'em.

Honest, Diana, I wish you could lamp some of the pelicans that think they're beautiful. Some of 'em have their pans hoisted so many times, you can't tell 'em from

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Lose F A T

Safely, Quickly, Easily

Many women who reduce fat find themselves left wrinkled and haggard looking—their health injured.

But not so if you reduce by taking a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning. Kruschen is the SAFE, healthy way to lose burdensome fat—ask your own doctor if this isn't so!

Unhealthy fat rapidly vanishes—from the first bottle you feel stronger, healthier, younger. Many folks hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85c at any drugstore—make sure you get Kruschen.

TAKES 14 INCHES OFF HIPS, WAIST and BUST

"I weighed 256, my bust was 52, waist 46, hips 54. After taking Kruschen I now weigh 160, my bust is 38, waist 32, hips 40. I feel better and brighter." Writes Mrs. Thos. Crouch of Gladwyne, Pa.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Stop Itching

Soothing, healing, invisible ZEMO is used in thousands of homes to bring relief from the torture of itching, burning skin. ZEMO has been used for twenty years with remarkable success to stop itching and draw the heat and sting out of the skin, and help clear away Eczema, Rashes, Ringworm, Dandruff, Pimples and other annoying skin or scalp irritations. All dealers. 35¢, 60¢, \$1.00. Extra Strength for obstinate cases, \$1.25.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

FOR BEST RESULTS . . .
Advertise in Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly!

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Polishes off aged skin in fine particles until all defects as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face appears younger. Mercolized Wax brings out hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly use one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half cup of hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]
laundry bag. Yeah, and to top the fun, I had a swell little mommer go to work on me. She figured I could put her over as the prize queen in the contest. What a darb! She said she was not quite thirty, but between you and me, she could make a G. A. R. veteran look like Jackie Cooper. Of all the giddy disturbances let loose from Brigham's bedrooms, this girl was a yell. I shoved her up against the real estate editor (who's older than Gandhi) and she blew him to cookies, thinking all the time he was one of the judges.

Speaking of judges, I've got half of 'em voting for you already. I've raved about you so much, they've got your photo pasted in their coats. Two of 'em were tough babies to put a lather on, but I knocked 'em silly with three quarts of prewar kidney bleach. Listen, if you don't win the contest, I'll shoot you. And if you do win it, I'm going to toss this job and kiss myself in as your high-powered press agent, get me? Then watch out!

Toodle-oo, TEDDY.

Honestly Diary, I'm beginning to worry about winning this contest. Every day I look at the Tab it's full of beautiful frails, yes, and they're all shooting for the beauty prize. Golly, I wonder if Teddy really has the judges fixed?

THURSDAY: Oh boy, oh boy! they ran my picture again today in the Tab. That makes *three times this week*. Gosh, I either made a hit with the editor or else Teddy Brown put the works in with the judges. Yes, and Mr. Fishbaum called up too, to thank me for the publicity. He said when he saw "Gowns by Fishbaum" printed under my photo, he was tickled pink. He said any time I wanted another gown all I'd have to do would be to go over to his office. So I think "Mother" and I will have to visit him again and make another raid.

That old bald headed goof Ginsburg heeled in the shop today and begged me to go out with him Saturday night. I just couldn't refuse because he slipped me ten bucks for a manicure and told me to keep the change. He's an awful egg. But what's a girl going to do when a customer is so wealthy?

FRIDAY: Oh Diary I've been so nervous today I could yell they didn't print my picture or anything but they printed four other beautiful girls' instead yes two from the Follies and one from the Scandals oh what chance have I got now heck I just *knew* I couldn't win and if I *don't win* what then oh I'd just have to go through life fileing nails until I got old and scrawney and wrinkled listening to barber shop baloney worrying about landlords and gas bills and milk bills and cutting my own hair and heavens knows what honestly I'm so disgusted I could lie right down and die but suppose you *do* win Diana what then—you'd be made you'd be famous you

could throw up your job and tell the boss to go to hell you'd be petted and partied and fussed over and *loved* yes loved don't make me laugh by *whom* I'd like to know if *he* saw my picture in the paper why didn't *he* call me up all I do is dream and dream about my Dream Man but nothing happens—oh I hate men I'm lonely I'm going to bed and forget it all.

SATURDAY: It may be Saturday to you Diary, but it's Sunday morning to me. I kept the date with Mr. Ginsburg all right and what a time I had. After the theater he took me to a perfectly gorgeous speak. Hot socks, I've seen some snooty drinking palaces before, but this one was the bug's spectacles.

Talk about your millionaires' deluxe petting parlors! No kidding, this joint makes the lobby of the Grand Hotel look like a garage.

In order to reach the bar we had to fight our way through scotch highballs, Side Cars, Rumble Seats, pousse-cafes, mules hind legs, Champayne highballs, Chicago drops, Swiss Itches and God knows what.

Anyhow, Mr. Ginsburg drank heavy all night. He's bad enough when he's sober but when he's plastered he's terrible. While we were sitting at the table he said to me, "Listen Baby, you ain't goin in for this Beauty Prize stuff, are you? Say, you're too gorgeous to be messed up in a racket the likes of that."

"What you need is an important guy like *me* to promote you into the heavy sugar. I'm interested in your *future*, get me? I'll plug for you! Be somebody! Get yourself a load of fame. Follow me Kid, and you'll ride in limousines!"

Then he grabbed me and tried to kiss me. I left the table, he staggered after me, he grabbed me again and tried to get fresh. I struggled—then someone struck him square on the jaw.

As he dropped, a stranger had me by the arm. "I'll take you home Miss," he said—then he almost threw me in his car—he looked like Clark Gable—he hardly spoke a word—he drove like mad. When I got to my door I thanked him. "You're *some* driver!" I said. "I should be," he replied. "I'm a get-away guy for a bunch of yeggs!"

My gawd, whata night!

When I got in my room I found this note under the door scrawled on the back of an envelope:

DEAR DIANA:

Tried to phone you all night. Thought I had the Beauty Contest all fixed and now I've discovered a cockeyed guy on the jury. If you're going to pray, start now!!
TED BROWN.

Oh Diary, is that hard luck? Of all the prize sculls I ever heard of. Can you imagine a cockeyed judge in a Beauty Contest?

Further adventures of Diana will be told in an early issue.

Three Summer Problems, And How to Solve Them

"This Image is no longer available"



WHO-WILL-FEED-THE-CANARY PROBLEM

All canary owners know the difficulty of leaving home for a week-end. Leave the canary without food, and he starves; leave him three days' supply, and he stuffs himself to death the first day. A new device, however, solves this problem neatly. The three meals are left in three dishes, fifteen feet apart, and the canary is hitched to a flat iron. By working like blazes, the canary will get his lunch precisely at noon each day.

"This Image is no longer available"



"This Image is no longer available"



THE WHERE-TO-FISH PROBLEM

One thing that can spoil a fishing trip more than anything else is the absence of fish. This year the clever sportsman, instead of angling just anywhere and waiting for the fish to seek him, will be able to seek out the fish. This is done by rowing around with a hungry cat trailing on the bottom in glass diving togs. When the cat meows, that is the place to drop anchor.

THE CROQUET-WICKET PROBLEM

Of all the vacationists who spend their summer in the country, over half, statistics show, come home in wheel chairs. Although poison ivy and snake bites cause a few casualties, the majority are victims of Wicket-in-the-Face. Croquet-wicket tripping, however, can now be avoided. Thanks to the Horned Pomeranian, the after-dark strolcher can now roam his lawn without danger.

By GRACE PERKINS

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE

No

A Remedy for Loneliness— One Way to Make a Girl Say Yes—Signs of a Gathering Storm— The Incredible Ultimatum

(Reading time: 26 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of beautiful Anne Holt, told by herself.

Anne decided to throw over her fiancé, Prince Carlos of Moravia, and marry Tony Gage, manager of her grandfather's Brazilian plantation. But Tony, all tenderness toward a Brazilian waif, Paulo, was unyielding toward Anne and her extravagant standards.

To Anne came another grief: Her mother, Nina, planned to divorce Bill, Anne's father, and marry Toby Wynn, an Irish sportsman. When Anne went to the family hunting lodge to see Nina, Toby asked her to leave.

PART FOUR—TENSE HOURS

I RETURNED to New York in such a rage that I couldn't remember the trip, nor how I got from the flying field to the house. When I was a kid and got into such tempers, I'd stand and knock my head against a door just to let off steam. That, somehow, didn't appeal to me, but I stormed through the house like a dog with a toothache. I was starved, but when they served me a meal I was too mad to eat. Bill had gone up to Maine to see his mother—and I hoped to God he got more satisfaction out of that tottering antique than I got out of *my* mother. . . . The damn-fool society-housekeeper we had was lonesome, and went sneaking around corridors, red-eyed and sniveling. . . . The house was unbearable.

I opened a bottle of champagne to toast, all by myself, the loss of Nina. I took her picture and chucked it in a dresser drawer. Then it was a race as to whether I'd go into a streak of crying or find a party. . . . There was only one person I wanted to see. I called

him. . . . He wasn't in. . . . Where in blazes did Tony spend all his time?

What had happened to me—all in a few weeks? It seemed such a short time since I'd set sail to spend Thanksgiving at home. . . . Goin' home, like the song said—where I hadn't been in over a year, and where all sorts of glories were supposed to be waiting for me. Well, here I was—home—and I'd never felt so lonely and bewildered in my life. Nina gone . . . Bill gone . . . Cramps gone . . . Grandpa Jerome only living and breathing until Carlos and Ludorf would appear on the scene. And when Carlos did arrive I wouldn't want him. Even that was changed. I wanted someone else. Someone who didn't seem to give a continental if he never saw me! . . . How many men, in my lifetime, had sat, as I sat now, trying to get *me* on the phone, and feeling lost and restless when I was out?

I called Rita. I called Serge. I called darn' near everybody I could think of. Finally I called Lydia—she was better than lashing my tail around an empty house.

Lydia was giving a party. Didn't I remember I couldn't come because I was going to Asheville? How on earth did it happen I was in town? Sit tight and she'd send the first free man she could find over for me. . . .

I got ready absent-mindedly. I knew Lydia's parties backward; I could have written them. Lydia bored me. She was an awful little fool and I never could keep track of her husbands. She was a front dresser; you'd think she never owned a mirror that would show her how she looked from behind.

I heard the doorbell ring, and stopped long enough to settle my expression with a final glass of champagne.



More ORCHIDS



*TONY built a fire
on the beach and
we scorched our own
breakfast.*

When I felt I looked casual enough, I ambled downstairs.

In the foyer, looking up at me, stood Tony, a glad welcome on his face.

"I'll be a Chinaman!" I stopped short.

"So you were the first free man Lydia could find?"

"Free—and easy," he grinned. "Are you all set? It's a grand party. Lydia loaned me her car."

He jerked his head in the direction of the door, and I bit my lip with a funny little dart of jealousy.

"Thanks; we'll take mine," I decided snippily.

Outside, he dismissed Lydia's car, and then turned and dismissed my chauffeur. "I like to drive," he explained, with a grin. "And I so seldom get a chance. Would you mind sitting up front with me?"

I laughed and climbed in beside him. As soon as he had started the car he turned and grinned at me.

"THIS is the first evening I've enjoyed myself," he confided. "You don't mind it up here, do you? It's a lot chummier. Paulo is out of the hospital!"

"No! Where is he?"

"At Lydia's."

"Tony!"

"Why—what's the matter?"

"You know damn' well what's the matter," I jawed, all my afternoon's anger centering on this new insult. "I think you're mean! You just go out of your way to be nasty to me. You know I wanted to do something for that kid. I've been up to that hospital as much as two and three times in one day, and you never even—"

"Whoa!" he called as he drew up for a traffic light.

"Not so hot, Anne. Listen. I thought you were in Asheville. They just let him out this morning."

"So you called Lydia right up and asked— You must have been seeing a hell of a lot of her to feel so—"

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute! Do you want your face pushed in?"

I settled back, trembling violently. I'd just as soon have gone home, anyway. I'd have liked to take all the traffic lights, and all the streets, and all the gay hurrying crowds, and set a match to them.

"Now, if you'll let me explain—"

"You needn't explain. I don't care."

"I'll tell you just how it happened," he continued right through my words.

"A few days ago, the captain— You remember, 'way back a few weeks ago, you were on a boat and there was a captain? Well, he's been in New York ever since, getting over a wicked dose of ptomaine, and somebody else has been riding his ship. The captain called me up and asked me if I remembered Lydia and a young song-writer-pianist named Ned Robbins that were on the trip. So I did, and he told me they were getting married tonight—a big surprise—and were throwing a party to celebrate, and wanted to round up as many of the boat crowd as they could."

"Married! Why, she never told me—" I began.

"So the captain said he was going and would I come along, and since I've been passing out with ennui in this friendless town—"

"That's your own fault. You get no sympathy from me!"

"I said I'd go. So this morning the hospital said they could safely check out Paulo, and that put a crimp in things. I phoned the captain, and he phoned Lydia, and presently Lydia phoned me and begged me to bring the kid over there, nurse and all. And she said she and her new husband were leaving on a wild spur-of-the-moment honeymoon and would be gone for six months at least, and Paulo and I could just stay on at the apartment as long as we liked."

"Um-m-m. Charming of her. So you're going to live at her house, huh?"

"Any objections?" He laughed over at me.

"Why should I object? It's a lovely arrangement."

He drove on soberly a few moments, and I was sorry myself for crimping the first gay mood I'd seen him in. I put my hand on his apologetically. "Don't pay

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



*BUT finding out
what was biting
Bill was no child's
play.*

[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page forty-nine]

attention to me. I'm in a rotten temper tonight."

"So I've noticed."

I climbed out as he drew up to the canopied entrance, and tried not to notice that his face was flushed as he joined me. We rode up to the threshold of the sky where Lydia's painfully elaborate home was laid out in twelve rooms.

Just outside her door, Tony caught at my arm and wheeled me around to face him. "What's up?" he wheedled. "Your feathers are all ruffled."

"The whole world is wrong," I grouched listlessly—and turned away before he could speak, because my eyes filled up like a tank.

I worked at that party like something driven on by a whip. At first it was grand. I had never before danced with Tony, and that boy could tango as if the music burned him. Then Ned, the bridegroom, soldered himself to the piano; and the room was filled with everything he had ever written or ever could write. . . . He had invited all of his particular Broadway, and they came staggering in with a mad array of wedding gifts and a madder outfit of willing talent.

THE captain hooked Tony a short while after we'd arrived, and they and a few other seasoned old storytellers were downing Napoleon brandy and sniggering at bawdy jokes in a little private knot in the sun room. I fed up with the continuous all-night performance of the theatrical crowd, and wandered around. . . . It was a nutty wedding night, if you ask me. In this room I had shed coats and vests to sweat at ping-pong; elsewhere they were dancing to a colored saxophone trio;

and in another they ruled silence and played at roulette grimly, breathlessly.

. . . Over here a wing was cut off, for Paulo and his

nurse. . . . On the roof a huge banquet table had been set up under awnings and lanterns, and twelve servants worked at a continual hand-out. . . . On the other side, by flashlights, a half dozen were putting balls on a midget golf course. . . .

ALONG about two, Tony found me in a daze of excitement at the roulette table.

"Come on," he said, and nudged me. "We're going."

I left a swell run of luck flat and walked out with him. I had a sly feeling, as we climbed into the front seat of my limousine again, that he wasn't quite sober.

"Have you any special craving to sleep it off?" He smiled wistfully. "Because I'd like some air—if you would."

"It was stuffy," I nodded.

We went to the garage and traded in the limousine for the racer. Tony headed for Long Island, and I got the bright idea that we hit for Bill's farm, which was not our home at Southampton, but a little hangout on the North Shore that was a combination of shooting hole, storage base for some of Bill's smaller boats, a lay-up for the lesser show horses, and a lavish attempt that he had made to raise turkeys.

Tony and I reached it around dawn. We woke the keeper, who let us have a couple of nags and some old togs, and we hit it through the hills for the next hour or so. When we got back, Tony built a fire on the beach and we scorched our own breakfast.

"That's my kind of party," Tony informed me happily

as we straggled back toward town around nine.

I nodded in contented agreement. For seven blissful hours we had batted around together without a serious word or a single breath of quarrel. I was so all-fired in love with him I couldn't talk.

"Tired?" he smiled over at me.

"No. I'm so happy I hate to go home."

"Gee! You know, Anne, I had no idea you could be so sweet."

"Tony, if you'd only get to know me—I'm wonderful!"

He stopped the car and leaned toward me, his face eager and hopeful.

"Honey," he said huskily, "I sail back to Brazil in eight days. Will you marry me—and come with me?"

"Oh, Tony—I . . ."

A bedlam of horns, curses, and imitation kisses that sounded strangely like the Bronx cheer snapped us into realization of our surroundings. We were in the middle of the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge, holding up a line of irate trucks and cars behind us!

"Tony! Move!" I giggled.

"Not a move." He shook his head calmly. "Not until you say you'll come."

"TONY—darling—I'll marry you today. I've made up my mind to marry you, anyway. I've been waiting for a chance to tell you that I'm going to ditch Carlos the moment he lands. But . . ."

"Are you coming to South America or aren't you?" he demanded flatly.

Whatever spirit of fun or amusement there might have been behind us, the irritation now became deafening. One truck driver jumped down off his perch and came over to jaw Tony, who sassed him back until the two came to blows.

"Yes!" I shrieked, and caught Tony's upraised arm.

His face broke into calm, triumphant smiles.

"Right away, buddy." He nodded pleasantly to the truckman, threw in the gear, and we started off.

"We're going straight to your grandfather," he announced as we rolled off the bridge.

"Oh, Tony, we can't!"

"What's the matter? Are you ashamed? Say—you weren't tricking me, were you?"

The look of incredulous disbelief made me wince. How could I explain I had no intention of leaping to Brazil in eight days—or in eight weeks? Better to let it ride and get him to see sense later.

"No," I lied guiltily. "But—he'll massacre you, Tony. You don't know that man."

"I know him as well as you do, if not better. I'm not afraid of him."

"But, Tony, why put me through such a thing?"

"I'm not going to put you through anything. You can wait in the car for me, if you want. I'm going in and kick his plantation downstairs, and I'm coming out a free man. I've been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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NO MORE ORCHIDS
[Continued from page fifty-one]

looking for a good reason to tell him to go grind his own beans for years! Now I've got it."

We had reached Jerome Cedric's town house by then, and Tony drew up with admirable deliberation.

"Wait!" I cried, and caught hold of his arm. "Wait! Look—that's Bill's car!"

I pointed, not quite believing it, to the familiar dark-green auto.

"What of it?" Tony grunted. "If Bill's in there, so much the better. He'll back us up."

"No. Wait. You don't understand," I insisted nervously. "Tony, you must listen! Bill never—never—goes to see grandfather! My God, I wonder if anything's happened to Nina?"

I almost forgot Tony as I stared at the huge iron doors of Jerome's house. I could think of nothing but death that would bring Bill to that forbidding mansion—or that would, for that matter, give him admittance. I remembered frantically that Bill was supposed to be in Maine. I thought of that cigarette of Nina's—of the peculiar "nervous upset" that had been great enough to send me packing.

With a little moan I started out of the car. And almost at that moment Jerome's front door opened and Bill appeared. His expression was enough to confirm my worst fears. He frowned as he saw me and came down the steps hurriedly. His expression cleared—he looked almost embarrassed. "Well"—he managed a painfully buoyant smile—"are you two getting up or going to bed?"

I dismissed our evening clothes and tugged at his sleeve.

"Bill, what is it?" I half whispered.

"What's what?"

"Is Nina all right?"

"You might know that better than I." He flushed slightly. "Why aren't you with her?"

"Why aren't you in Maine?"

He stuttered a short laugh. "It looks as if we were both trying to give each other the slip."

We three stood, forcing ourselves to grin like idiots, quivering with embarrassment and suspicion.

"I was held in town on business," Bill decided to explain. "I had some important things to take up with your grandfather. Can you give me as simple an account of yourself?"

I shot him a look. Business with grandfather indeed! Not if the world came to an end! "Not in so many—or rather so few—words," I parried. "But it may interest you to know that Tony and I are going to be married. We've come to tell Jerome."

"I wouldn't if I were you." He frowned. "Congratulations and all that. But come on home and calm down. You both look as if you need sleep—not fireworks."

TONY cast a rueful glance at the stern and silent house, and then turned his attention to Bill, who had set about to wring his hand with enthusiasm. We got back in the car and Bill slammed the door on us.

"I'm sorry," he explained, "but I've got to chase down to the office this morning. You two need a rubdown and a sedative, anyway. But—we'll celebrate tonight at dinner—just we three, if you'd like."

"We'd love it, Bill—wouldn't we?" I nudged Tony sharply.

"Oh, sure—sure; that'll be swell."

"Just don't try to stake your claim today, son," Bill warned Tony dryly. "I know what I'm talking about. So long—and would you two mind wearing street clothes after this when you're riding in an open car?"

He grinned and saluted as he climbed into his own bus. A moment later we followed him out of the side street, headed uptown, while his car turned south.

"You're worried," Tony accused me gently. "Tony, you couldn't begin to understand how utterly miserable that situation was. Why, Jerome has insulted me the day they first met—except, of course, at

social affairs, where they barely recognize each other. It's beyond imagination to suppose they had any business together. Something awfully peculiar is up. And, believe me, we haven't heard the end of it."

"Do you think Bill's in trouble?"

"I don't know. . . . I can't imagine his going to Jerome under *any* circumstances. Jerome would be the last person he'd turn to in trouble. Yet—he looked so worried. There's something damned funny going on—and I'm going to find out what it is!"

II

BUT finding out what was biting Bill was no child's play. I faced him squarely with questions about his visit to grandfather. He was damnably offhand about it.

"Why don't you say it's none of my business?" I flared at him. "Why don't you tell me to go to hell?"

His fingers twitched but his lips smiled unconcernedly.

"I thought you'd have sense enough to finish it for me," he shrugged. "Only I thought you'd be lady enough to dry up."

"Bill dear, don't *you* be nasty to me," I appealed to his soft side.

His eyes pierced me through suspiciously, and I turned away. I hadn't told him anything of my visit to Nina, explaining glibly instead that she had a boring calendar of doings, and that Tony had at last asked me for a date, and I was too weak-minded to refuse. I made out that I had left Nina and her crowd just to be with Tony. . . . But I think Bill half guessed the truth and longed to ask me the whole story.

"Listen, smudge. You just let papa blunder along in his own way, will you, like a good child? I've told you, in every tone of voice at my command, that the market has gone mad."

"I *know* that; I've been hearing things. But—"

"But you simply can't conceive how it could affect me!" He nodded helplessly. "Well, it is, see? I'm not playing alarmist or losing my head; but, Anne, you've got to believe me when I say that things are in a bad way."

"Well, all right. It's a panic. I'll bite. It's a panic. What of it? You'll come out on top. You always do! If I thought a panic sent you to Jerome Cedric, I swear, Bill, I'd never have any respect for you again."

He got up, irritable but still smiling. I had the feeling he wanted to strike me.

"Now, listen, flat-foot." His voice was edged with an insistent good humor I'd often heard him use with Nina when he was aching to tar-and-feather her. "Once more I'm going to remind you that many peculiar changes have occurred in this tidy little hearthstone. Incidentally, it might interest you that Nina wired me she was going to sail this Friday—instead of two weeks from now."

"Oh?"

"There *are* such things as financial arrangements involved in divorce proceedings. And—"

"But you wouldn't *see* grandfather to talk about that!"

"I'll shake the teeth out of you in a minute! It also happens that a very complicated wedding is being planned for my daughter by that same gentleman—"

"But I'm not going to marry Carlos. I'm— And besides, you wouldn't see him about that, either!"

"And, if you can follow me," Bill cut through a bit harshly, "both my wife and my daughter have found other loves and are evidently going to transplant themselves into other countries."

"Bill!"

"I'm not expressing opinions. I'm stating facts. In addition to those things it so happens that the financial world is on its ear. And, whether it does or it doesn't affect me and my household personally, you might bear in mind that I am at the head of a bank, and all banks today are sweating through a very grueling time. I'm not used to a female asking me every few minutes what's eating me. It gives me the jitters."

"You win, Bill. Sorry."

He winked and raised his glass. "Have a little high-blood-pressure with me, Anne, and let's forget it. I'd like



"SO!" He drew a deep breath after a full minute's contemplation of me. "I can't win, eh?"



to take you and Tony to the Casino tonight. And then to the best show in town. How does it read to you?"

"Smooth!" But now my smile was false. For this was the second night Bill would spend with us, and I knew what it meant. Tony and I had so much to settle.

When he arrived Tony was as disappointed as I at the evening's plan, but he took it in good grace. He and Bill always hit it off swell, and I resigned myself to hearing, for the next four or five hours, about the market, and what stocks dropped forty points, and how a special detail of police had been assigned to handle the crowds that milled in the streets, and about the man who dropped dead with exhaustion or shock on the floor of the Exchange, the ticker running four hours behind, and brokers tearing at each other's clothes.

We left the show before it was over, and Bill drove us through the financial district. It made me nervous and slightly ashamed of Bill that he couldn't just let it roll off his knife. . . . He pointed out, with white face and hushed voice, the electric excitement of the whole section: the buildings ablaze with lights—people were working the whole night through in an effort to tabulate the day's sales. Restaurants were still open, rushing in food to the offices, feeding people four deep in their overcrowded space. . . . The hotels around were wild-eyed. Bill explained that large brokerage houses were engaging whole suites where their forces could rest. Financial papers were issuing rush editions every hour, yet Bill said they were inaccurate by the time they were off the presses.

TONY was up front with Bill now, and I settled back against the cushions and listened to them. I was convinced that there *was* a panic. I thought it exciting—thrilling, even—but my mind and soul were too concerned with my own problems. What was a panic more or less? There had been panics before, plenty of them, and as far as I could see they made as much for some as they lost for others. The big boys didn't budge, anyway. It gave men

a lot to talk about and a new fillip of interest and importance. . . . But how did it measure up to the things that were jangling in my head? I counted off on my fingers thoughtfully.

Tomorrow I wanted to see grandfather. He hadn't been home to a soul since the morning we'd seen Bill come out of his house. He had given out word that he was ill. Well, I wanted to see him before Tony did, that's all.

Day after tomorrow Carlos would arrive. With Ludorf leading him by the nose. That was going to mean fireworks. But necessarily undercover fireworks so that no nasty scandal would hit the papers until everything was duly and comfortably settled and the smoke cleared away.

On Friday Nina would sail for Europe.

On Saturday Tony would sail for Brazil—or so he threatened. Of course, that was impossible.

I CONVINCED him of this, once we had returned home and finally outsat Bill, who caught on only after I'd hurled a couple of bricks at him.

Yes, I convinced Tony he'd have to postpone his sailing date. I didn't dare spring just yet the fact that I didn't want to go to Brazil, for on that point Tony would have to be handled with rose petals. Tony as a lover was the most heady and dizzy experience I had ever known. I didn't want to do or say a thing that would spoil his violent, intoxicating happiness; yet I was half afraid of being swept into the ash can and losing my hold on common-sense things.

But I did get him to realize that night that it had taken long, long months of tender diplomatic arrangements to bring about my engagement. It must be broken just as auspiciously.

We parted that night, Tony and I, more in love than ever, and more in harmony as to our plans and ideas.

Early in the morning I dashed over to grandfather's. But the moment I was shown into the music room, off his library, I knew I wasn't early enough. I had arrived for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO MORE ORCHIDS
[Continued from page fifty-three]

the tail end of a quarrel—a quarrel I'd dreaded more than anything in the world.

Jerome and Tony were at it!

I stopped short in the center of the room, petrified at the words I heard Tony fling—words such as nobody had ever had the face to pronounce before grandfather. And I gathered from the bellowed retort that Tony hadn't come there, but that he had been sent for and was being accused of "sneaking around with me behind the old man's back! However it happened, Jerome had heard of the night we had "spent together" at the farm on Long Island!

That galvanized me into action. I tried to break in on them, but the huge sliding doors were locked. They didn't hear me call. And a moment later Tony, with one grand speech that almost made me applaud with admiration, had stalked out of the main door.

I started to tear after him—but he'd disappeared when I reached the hall, and I was faced instead with the halting figure of grandfather, nearly palsied with anger.

"I heard it all!" I cried. "And he's perfectly right."

"I suppose he had you come to back him up," grandfather sneered.

"No—I wanted to talk to you. I've been trying to see you for days. So has he. I wanted to tell you."

Grandfather leaned against the doorway as if to brace himself. "Come in," he said, and I followed him into his library.

I wasn't afraid of him. I don't know why, but suddenly I wasn't afraid of him! He no longer seemed the omnipotent, conscienceless tyrant that figured out life the way a general plans a campaign. He seemed only a very old and very ugly little wasp—like something in a child's frightened dream—like Evil on two short stocky legs, with a swollen paunch, sunken burnt-out eyes, grayish beard, tiny discolored teeth, and repulsive brownish spots all over his shriveled bald head.

WITH prolonged deliberation he helped himself to some snuff from a box on his table. He seated himself behind his desk and snapped on a small horizontal brass-covered tube that shed a stream of light over his papers. He rang for his secretary, and dictated a series of letters and cables to that weird hunchbacked little man who had been with him for as long as I could remember. When the hunchback had left, grandfather leaned back in his chair, made a prayer of his hands, and gazed at me. "This entire affair is utterly impossible," he said slowly.

"Nevertheless, I'm going to marry Anthony Gage," I told him just as deliberately.

"I think not."

"Listen, grandfather," I burst out irritably. "You can't win this time. Any more than you could keep Nina from marrying Bill, nor keep her now from marrying Toby Wynn. I know it will mean all manner of disagreeable things in regard to my engagement. I would have come and tried to talk to you before, only I wanted to wait and be sure. I am sure. I'll do anything you say to make things easy. I'm perfectly willing to meet the Prince and act as if nothing had happened. Let you handle the whole thing. But—it's got to be broken. And if you don't

do it, I will. I—I'm sorry. Sorry as I can be. But you can't help falling in love—you can't turn it on and off at will."

I stopped, breathless. He hadn't budged a muscle. He sat, still staring at me, as if just waiting for me to finish. I leaned back, helpless.

"So!" He drew a deep breath after a full minute's contemplation of me. "I can't win, eh?"

I glanced at him in hopeless appeal. All he'd got out of my outburst was defiance of him and his will.

He rose and came over to me; stood directly over me and smiled. "A few days ago, Anne, your father came to me to borrow money."

I stared at him, incredulous.

"YES!" he repeated, and his smile widened with a malicious yellowish gleam. "Yes; he came whining to me—sucking around to me for money!"

"He—didn't! No!"

"Caught—the fool! I always knew he'd come square up against a stone wall. Never listened to me—never stooped to my game, huh? Bigger men than he have respected my judgment—but not he, huh? Well, he sees now. He knew where to come, his tail between his legs. . . . Thought I'd pull him out, huh? Yes. He thought—"

"Don't!" I leaped to my feet and put the chair between me and his ugly little face to keep from striking him. "Don't you dare talk of Bill like that!"

He laughed, and his laugh was like a pail of filthy water thrown into my face. I was trembling so violently I couldn't manage the words that jammed against my teeth.

"I knew the day would come when I'd see him grovel! And since he's been here I've made investigation. Look—see these papers? That's the report. His bank is in a hole! You don't like to hear it, do you? The whole world will hear it—for there isn't a chance that he could pull out clean. He's—done for. Washed up!"

I squeezed tighter to the arm of the chair, tight enough to hang on to the world that whirled around and around that leering blue-white face. He straightened up, and walked over to indulge again in his snuff. When he turned back to me, his eyes were crafty. "But I'm not an utter moron," he argued. "I'm not above a bargain. If you will listen to reason—" For a moment his words were blurred by a ringing in my ears. . . . When again his voice reached me, he was standing by the window.

"If you marry your lover—you'll be penniless. There's no two ways about that. If you marry as I advise, both you and your husband are at ease, with millions behind you—and your father is welcome to whatever he needs to avert the disaster that is marking him for ruin and disgrace."

"He wouldn't want it that way," I managed.

Jerome Cedric snorted with perverse humor.

"He'd want it from the devil himself," he grunted. "A desperate man has no pride."

I shivered. No pride! No. If Bill had been driven to Jerome for money . . .

"Carlos arrives at ten in the morning," I figured out dully. "Do you want me to meet him at the ship?"

Can Anne, to save her father, let Tony go out of her life? Next week you'll watch her struggle to reach a decision.



Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Logical Enough

A neighbor's little girl's skipping rope was too long for her, and to remedy this she pulled the rope through the handles and cut three or four inches off each end.

I asked her why she didn't cut the rope off all at one end, and she said, "Well, I had to cut off each end because it was too long at both ends!"—William Plampin, 404 Labor St., San Antonio, Tex. * * *

Snooping Windows

Three-year-old Leonard's mother called him in from the street and said sternly: "Leonard, didn't I tell you not to go down to the corner?"

"I didn't go as far as the corner," he fibbed.

"Why, yes, you did," said his mother. "I saw you through this window."

"Well," replied the youngster, "I think this house has too many windows!"—Ernest C. Johnson, 59 Center St., New Haven, Conn.

The Guilt of the TARIFF

*Facts, Not Favors, Should Govern
Legislation that Affects
International Trade*

Says

FRANKLIN D.

ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York



Albany Photo Supply
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(Reading time: 2 minutes 15 seconds.)

SOME of our makeshift compromises of the past in dealing with international questions are sorely troubling us now. An administration in Washington finds itself trying to correct conditions which require far more than the temporizing political actions it dares to suggest.

Political consistency, so strong is the partisan spirit among some political leaders, defeats their sincere desire to get a new grip upon actuality and to act definitely, as if they did not fear the shadows of the past.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the steps which all thinking men know are necessary to correct our present conditions of international trade.

From the end of the war until three years ago the bankers and investors of the country, by lending money to the rest of the world, made it possible for the foreign nations to buy from us. Hindsight today casts serious doubt upon the soundness of this economic policy—for at present these nations have not got the cash to buy, nor have we any longer either the cash or the inclination to lend them our money to buy our own goods from ourselves.

No set of circumstances absolves us from our guilt for conditions of international trade which we have created in the past—and in the near past. New and wild theories that domestic and foreign consumption of manufactured articles and agricultural products could keep pace with an unlimited and constantly increasing production pro-

vided the will-o'-the-wisp for thousands to follow. Today they seem absurd to any sane mind using little else but plain, logical common sense.

Our tariff, long before the depression, created a fence which prevented the bartering and exchange of goods themselves, without the actual use of money, between us and the other nations. This is a process upon which we ought to have been able to fall back and which would have ameliorated at least a part of our present hard times in this country. Three years ago the United States raised these tariff barriers even higher. The tariffs of the other nations were, of course, raised in retaliation.

Adequate safeguards are needed to protect our American standards of labor, industrial as well as agricultural. A tariff is still essential to meet those safeguards and to produce revenue.

But a return to sanity is necessary in establishing reciprocal methods by which the necessary international exchange of goods may be started again and encouraged to grow.

Let us base our revision of tariff schedules on facts and not on favors.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

68 MORE CASH AWARDS THIS WEEK!

\$500 IN CROSS-WORD CASH PRIZES

Solve the Puzzle and Get into This Week's Easy Money

HERE'S another chance to collect cash money for having fun! Liberty is going to pay sixty-eight of its readers a total of \$500 in cash for winning entries in this week's cross-word-puzzle contest. You can win \$100, \$50, \$25, or \$5—if you enter.

You probably were going to solve the puzzle anyway, so why not finish it, write the brief note mentioned in Rule 3, and send it along as directed? Your chance to win is excellent. The big point is to send your entry in.

That's the way the sixty-eight cash prize win-

ners listed below got into the money. They entered the contest of May 21. And now they collect! Space does not permit publication of the letters which these folks sent in with their solutions. It would take up the entire issue and leave no room for stories. But multigraphed copies of the letters involved in the major awards are available and will be mailed to any contestant upon request and without charge. Now get busy on this week's contest. The puzzle appears on the opposite page.

Winners will be announced in the issue of August 27.

THESE ARE THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	\$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
65 PRIZES, each \$5	325
TOTAL, EACH WEEK	
SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	\$500

The RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.

3. Attach to your solution a letter telling "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."

4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.

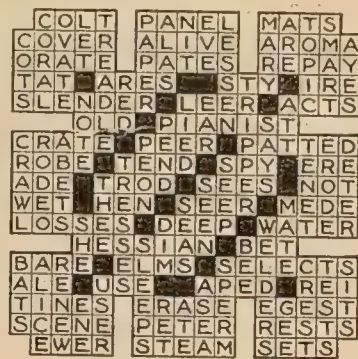
5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.

6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

7. Send all entries by first-class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Monday, July 11, 1932.

Here Are the May 21 Awards



THE SOLUTION

\$100 FIRST PRIZE

JOHN LITSTER
Gold Hill, Ore.

\$50 SECOND PRIZE

DORIS GARET
Douglas, Wyo.

\$25 THIRD PRIZE

ESTHER W. HASKINS
Ballston Spa, N. Y.

SIXTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH \$5

Helen A. West, Trenton, N. J.; Major Arthur De Bles, New York, N. Y.; Velarah Kinley, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; P. R. Beaver, Youngstown, Ohio; E. D. Schonberger, Grand Forks, N. D.; Hazel R. Flanagan, Chicago, Ill.; P. F. Selleck, Culver City, Calif.; Mrs. Eunice M. Wilson, Detroit, Mich.; Worth W. Donahue, Chicago, Ill.; E. J. Retlaw, Tucson, Ariz.; Althea Thurston, Los Angeles, Calif.; George M. Morris, Lansdowne, Pa.; A. McKinnon, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. R. Patterson, Charleroi, Pa.; Mrs. Lillian Avery, Thornton, Ind.; Gladys E. Rhodes, Sioux City, Ia.; Miriam Caveny, Harrisburg, Pa.; Geo. L. Elston, Dallas, Tex.

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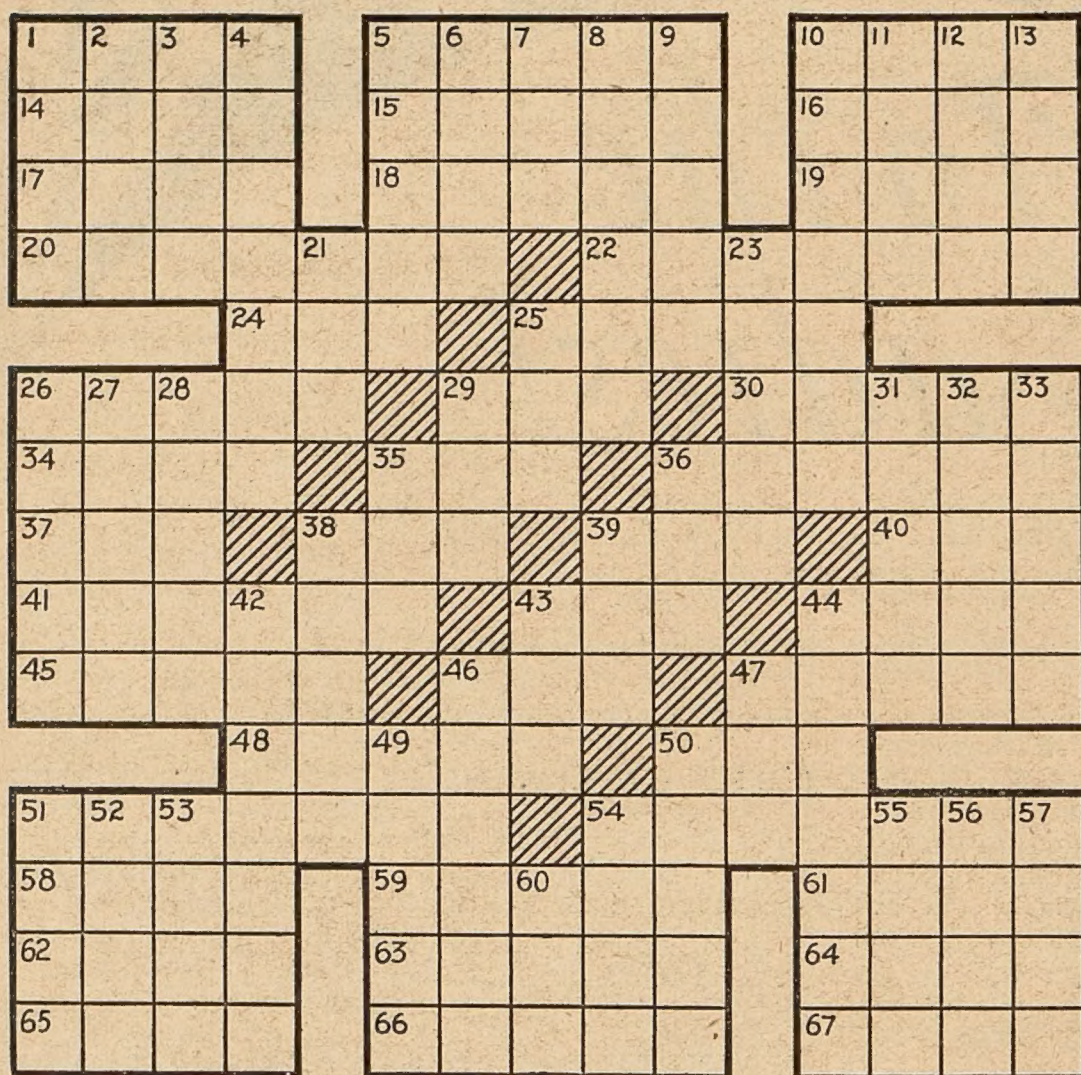
A. E. Jurgens, Milwaukee, Wis.; Murial Blythe Huston, Swift Current, Sask.; F. M. Summer, Park Ridge, Ill.; Harry S. Donald, Calumet, Mich.; Mrs. Marion W. Pomeroy, Bellingham, Wash.; Leo Salvage, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mildred W. Lathrop, Brewster, N. Y.; Vaughn A. Arnold, Detroit, Mich.; Bertha Comberger, Chicago, Ill.; Margaret L. Heiland, Lafayette, Ind.; George Donald, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ernest R. Lowe, Waltham, Mass.

Carroll Seif, Washington, D. C.; Anne L. Hedges, Denver, Colo.; Lee Hamilton, Louisville, Ky.; H. R. Viater, Columbia, S. C.; Grave H. Sellers, Long Beach, Calif.; Chas. A. Duryea, Indianapolis, Ind.; Howard G. Kelley, Westmont, Ill.; Ruth H. Mayger, St. Louis, Mo.; Chas. F. Eddy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ellis J. Baker, Indianapolis, Ind.; D. J. Matthews, Wenatchee, Wash.; Walter C. Michel, Jersey City, N. J.; Alma Guthrie, West Asheville, N. C.; Mrs. Inez F. Hartson, Lakeville, N. Y.; Grace D. Dupree, Wheeling, W. Va.

EXTRA! NEW LIMERICK LAST-LINE CONTEST FOR \$500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

Here Is Contest Puzzle

No. 12



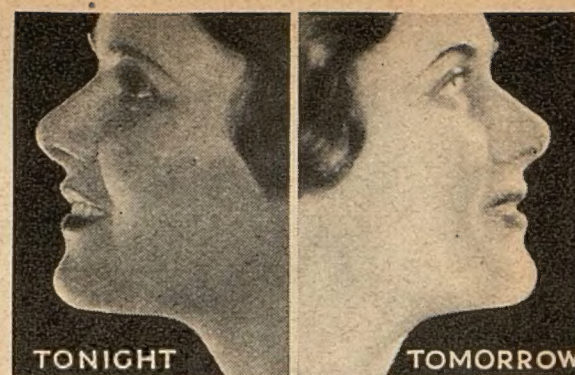
HORIZONTAL

- 1 Priestly vestments
- 5 Become less, as in amount or strength
- 10 To be freed from coldness and reserve
- 14 Masonry work laid in the sea
- 15 Regenerate
- 16 Only this, and nothing else
- 17 Cyma recta or cyma reversa
- 18 French historian and literary critic
- 19 Otherwise
- 20 Established a dwelling place or home
- 22 Beat with a rapid succession of strokes
- 24 Man's nickname
- 25 Roman goddess of the hearth
- 26 Person afflicted with leprosy
- 29 Parasitic disease of sheep
- 30 Minute particles
- 34 Fruiting spikes of a cereal
- 35 Loafer (slang)
- 36 A town in Litchfield County, Connecticut
- 37 Past
- 38 Straight or easy passage or course
- 39 Form of to be
- 40 Word of command used by teamsters
- 41 Transmitter
- 43 The seed of the opium poppy
- 44 Earthy mixture used for fertilizing

- 45 Put to one's last resources (colloq.)
- 46 Heavenly body
- 47 Artificial channel filled with water
- 48 French revolutionist killed by Charlotte Corday
- 50 Container
- 51 Pertaining to the thigh
- 54 Artificial barriers
- 58 Give forth
- 59 Oriental guitar
- 61 Supposed electric fluid emanating from an electrified body
- 62 Prong
- 63 Growing out
- 64 Autocratic ruler
- 65 Unit of work or energy (plural)
- 66 Auctions
- 67 A vessel for heating liquids

VERTICAL

- 1 Masculine personal name
- 2 Box or stall, as in a theater
- 3 A kind of internal decay in fruit
- 4 Soaks or saturates, as in liquor
- 5 Association of laborers in Russia
- 6 Small globular body
- 7 Species of bird of the cuckoo family
- 8 Exerted activity in a particular direction
- 9 Jugs
- 10 Segments; sections
- 11 Ship's steering apparatus
- 12 Bottom end of a wooden pulley block
- 13 To free from noxious plants
- 21 Etruscan title equivalent to lord
- 23 American Indians
- 25 Spirit; vigor
- 26 Smallest in size or degree
- 27 Keenly desirous
- 28 Prostrate
- 29 Gully or defile between hills
- 31 Wind instrument
- 32 A goddess of fate (Greek mythology)
- 33 Line for attaching a fishhook
- 35 Prickly envelope of a fruit
- 36 Carpenter's tool
- 38 A tree
- 39 Pale
- 42 Reduces in grade
- 43 Egyptian deity
- 44 Command
- 46 City in Kansas
- 47 Conveyance
- 49 Expunges
- 50 Heals
- 51 Festival
- 52 Arabian commander
- 53 Chinese dynasty
- 54 Detest
- 55 Sensuous desire
- 56 Biblical name (Numbers xxvi)
- 57 Feminine personal name
- 60 Cymbals used in religious worship



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To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and
descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time:

4 minutes 40 seconds.)

THEY can't fool

Ray Perkins, songster, song writer, radio entertainer.

"Every broadcasting station," he says, "maintains a secret department. They try to hide it, but they can't fool me. They have a Gift-Kicking Department. In this department they have trained men who jump and stamp up and down on all the presents the fans send in to their favorite stars. Otherwise how is it that every homemade cake and box of candy my fans send me always looks, by the time I get it, as though it had been booted around by the Notre Dame football team?"

"One lady sent me an oilcloth necktie. Spotproof. That's the only present the Gift-Kicking Department wasn't able to work on."



Ray Perkins

Ray Perkins wrote Under a Texas Moon and other songs for the Shuberts; has been a theme-song writer in Hollywood; a vaudeville star.

He says the world is full of orphan pianos—the boys and girls don't gather around them to play and sing as they used to. Because of this, popular songs are now much shorter-lived than formerly, he believes.

Ray Perkins has bright-red hair and doesn't trust his memory. Jots things down on scraps of paper. Pockets bulging with them. Showed me a sample—old envelope with the following scribbled on it: "Where Do You Worka, John? (song); get fried-chicken recipe; get dress shirts."

WHEN and how is it polite to offer to help your hostess serve things at a party? A reader has asked for my opinion about this.

"Especially at summer parties," she writes, "where buffet suppers are served, I often feel that I ought to help, but unless I know my hostess pretty intimately I am always afraid of being a butt-in."

Don't be afraid to butt in. Do it quietly, however. Take your hostess aside and ask her, privately, if you may help. Don't just jump up and shout your willingness.

It isn't necessary to be an intimate friend of hers. Even in homes where I am a comparative stranger I always find my help appreciated. I never hesitate to offer it when it seems needed.

FOR summer reading try Live Bait, by Ethel M. Dell (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and The Fountain, by Charles Morgan (Alfred A. Knopf).

FROM Honolulu a Mr. Goodhue writes to tell me that he disagrees with the old gentleman I quoted some weeks ago. The old gentleman said that most elderly people don't get much fun out of sexy novels because they

are through with sex. Mr. Goodhue says that is the bunk. He says he

likes them just as well as ever, despite his advanced age. But Mr. Goodhue lives in Honolulu, where the climate is rather special. Aloha ohé!

COLD asparagus served with French dressing is being eaten as a first dinner course at every good Paris restaurant this time of the year. The best chefs know a trick that lifts this simple dish into the heights of culinary art. The trick is the dressing.

To an ordinary French salad dressing add ½ teaspoon of freshly grated nutmeg. Have the asparagus well drained. Serve the dressing separately.

HE was eating alone in a restaurant. He ate with gusto, enjoyed every mouthful. From his very first oyster to the last puff of his cigar there was not a moment when he looked bored—when he seemed to need the companionship of another person to share his satisfaction.

Only once have I seen a lone woman enjoying herself in this solitary manner. And she was so exceptional that the head waiter spoke to me about her. He said: "There's a woman who knows how to eat, even if she is alone. Women like that are rare."

They are almost unheard of. Yet eating a good meal can be a refined performance without being social. So can going to the movies, to the theater, to a concert. At all of these you constantly see men alone, but a solitary woman is a rarity. Why?

For two reasons, I believe. First—self-consciousness. With all our modern independence, when we go places alone, most of us still imagine that other people are noticing us and are thinking, "There's a woman who can't find a man to take her out."

As for Reason Number Two, I think we women are seldom capable of really enjoying things unless we can talk about them right then and there. The truth of the matter is that very few of us know how to be contented when we're obliged to think only our own thoughts—and keep them to ourselves. Not very intelligent of us, perhaps, but a fact, I'm afraid.

"GUESTS are coming! Guests are coming!"

With this glad cry the girls on country estates in old Russia used to dash around pinching their cheeks and lifting their hands high over their heads.

They pinched their cheeks to make them pink. They hoisted their hands so that the blood would run down from them, leaving their fingers white and delicate.

"How primitive!" you exclaim. Yes, indeed, but is it not entirely possible that our own beauty antics of today will be considered primitive by future generations?

Recent scientific experiment has proved that the cheeks of green apples can be made pink and rosy by treating them with certain rays. If apples, why not ladies? The days of rouge and lipstick may well be numbered.

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